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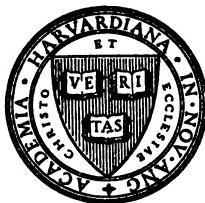
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PHILANDERING;

OR, THE
ROSE QUEEN.

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

The New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

On TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1824.

To be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
And making practis'd smiles, as in a looking-glass;
And then to sigh, as 'twere the mort o' the deer;
O that is Philandering !

Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek—stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh—wishing clocks more swift—
Hours minutes—minutes hours—noon midnight—
Is this nothing ? 'Tis Philandering !

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trench'd in ice, which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose its form.

SHAKSPEARE *mutilated.*

THE MUSIC COMPOSED, ARRANGED, AND SELECTED
By Mr. C. E. HORN.

London:

JOHN MILLER, 5, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

1824.

(*Price Three Shillings.*)

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Samuel Beazley.

TO
PHILANDERERS
IN GENERAL,
AND TO *SOME* IN
PARTICULAR,
THIS OPERA
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED;
BY
THEIR HUMBLE IMITATOR,
THE AUTHOR.



ESSAY ON THE ART OF PHILANDERING.

Φιλος

PHILUS-I—a Woman's Friend, or Husband. *Quam cito etiam Philoram obliviscerentur* [PETRON] a Φιλος.

PHILANTHROPIUM-II—**A Φιλανθρωπευμα**—COURTESY.

PHILANTHROPOS-I—**Φιλανθρωπος**—a sort of BUR. Philanthropon herbam Græci appellant hirsutam, quoniam vestibus adhærescat—[PLIN.]

Vide LEXICON — hem! Dr. Pangloss.

The above quotation will shew, to those as unlearned in the Attic dialect as myself, the origin of the English word Philandering. It is, I apprehend, written correctly, *only*, because it is a faithful transcription from the Lexicon, to which, either from original ignorance, or subsequent forgetfulness, (I am not bound to be explicit on this point) I have been compelled to refer, for the etymology of the title of this opera; and of all the English words derived from the same source, I know of none whose meaning and application have tended to give more general pleasure to mankind—aye, and womankind, too—that this same Philandering.

Philosophy has dignified, in its progress, the names of Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Lock, Newton, Descartes, &c. philanthropy has inscribed upon the tablets of posterity the names of Howard, De L' Epée, and others, who have laboured for the amelioration of human evil; but where is the philosopher, however sublime the object of his pursuit, who has not, at some period of his life, deserted the planets which spangle those heavens so far off, to pay a momentary adoration to stars that speak of a heaven a little nearer? where the philanthropist who has not, now and then, found his general affection for the human race condensed into a particular feeling for one amiable atom of it?

What Aristotle has written upon matters relating to the subject is too well known to need a recital. We are obliged to Plato, as being the founder of that sect of Philanderers who are generally the most successful, though the least presum-

ing; for one seldom hears of the commencement of a Platonic attachment without charitably prophesying what it may end in. De L'Epée, too, has been of infinite service to the general cause, by giving an artificial language to those who had been denied a natural one. Eyes may be very expressive; yet, in this age of glances, he must be either a very bold, or a very bashful man, who advances or retreats upon what he may conceive to be their meaning, unless that meaning be confirmed by the tongue; and, although time out of mind, it has been the fashion to decry the use of this member in a woman, I confess, I think with Shakspeare, that

“Silence is only commendable
“In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.”

It is to philanthropy that the exertions of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Dr. Jenner in the causes of inoculation and vaccination are generally ascribed; but I cannot banish from *my* mind, an impression, that it was rather to a conviction, that a smooth face is quite as essential to Philandering as a smooth tongue, that we owe no little portion of that energy, with which they combated a disease that had proved so detrimental to the beauty of many others besides that of the tender Julie of Rousseau.

Of all the great names which I have thus ventured to press into the service of my argument, that of Socrates is perhaps the only one to whom any action can be ascribed that bespeak an inimical feeling towards Philandering. Classical recollections will at once convince the Reader, that I allude to his famous sacrifice to Æsculapius of that bird, who, in his farm-yard gallantries, is so typical of the whole race of Philanderers; and perhaps this enmity might have arisen more from the torment which he had so long endured from the little ebullitions of *Madame Socrate*, than from any pre-disposition on the part of the Athenian philosopher, against the agreeable science of Philandering.

Almost all ages and nations have produced illustrations of our subject. Pericles philandered with Aspasia;—Marc Anthony with Cleopatra;—Henri Quatre with Gabrielle;—Louis le Grand and his successor, with Mesdames de Maintenon and Pompadour;—in our own country

the annals of Henry the Eighth, of the *maiden Queen*, and of Charles the Second, are well known to contain many specimens of this propensity ; while in fiction and in poetry, we have the immaculate Sir Charles Grandison, in a bag wig and Brobdignag skirt, Philandering with the romantic Clementina ; the morbid Werther Philandering himself out of the world because Charlotte spread bread and butter with such a grace ; and the tender Petrarch Philandering (*and nothing else*) with the celebrated Laura for more than half a century. In this *currente calamo* recapitulation, without any library of reference at hand, it is impossible for me to insert all the Philanderers who have graced the pages of history and biography—for where has been the monarch, whose sceptre has not succumbed to the flirt of a fan ? Where the statesman, who has not sometimes quitted the government of a kingdom, to be governed by a smile or a tear ? Where the warrior, from the general to the ensign, that has not “ found more peril in an eye ” than in twenty of his enemies, swords ? Where is the man of business, who has not made Philandering a source of recreation from his graver pursuits ; and where the man of pleasure that has not made Philandering his business ? In many of the examples which have been cited, the system has certainly been carried much farther than the modern meaning of the word would perhaps authorise ; but they are cited merely as a kind of moral scarecrow to warn modern flirts, of both sexes, what Philandering may sometimes lead to.

The Philandering, which it is intended to illustrate in the following pages, is a medium between an open and unsentimental flirtation, and downright love-making. It is a kind of battledore and shuttlecock play, of sighs and glances, and an interchange of sentences, in which the words derive their *only* consequence from the looks with which they are accompanied, or the emphasis with which they are pronounced.

It is a species of fly-fishing for amusement, with no other intention than that of unhooking whatever may be caught, before the wound becomes serious, and throwing the victim back again into the stream, without a sufficient sense of the pain it has experienced, to make it avoid the next bubble or bait that may glitter on its surface. It is the *sauce piquante* that enlivens the insipidity of society ; it

stands in the place of wit and sense, and furnishes the matter for most of the quadrille and table conversazioni at both ends of the metropolis. For there is as much Philandering, though perhaps of a less elegant description, in a "cast off two couple," or a "down the middle" at the "Crown and Anchor," or the "City of London," as in the more refined "Balancez" and "Pastourelle" of a quadrille at Almacks. An observing eye can always discriminate a considerable distinction between the L'Eté, or "dos a dos" of a couple who have established a Philandering telegraph, and the frigidly correct "pas de Basque" and "Chassez" of an indifferent pair; and many is the tale which has been completely unfolded to the retailers of scandal, by the performance of a *demi queue de chat*.

In short, Philandering is the primum mobile of society. It is the delice of the retirement of an opera box; and forms the attraction of the "Foyer" as well as the crush room. It adds motion to the quicksilver blood of seventeen, and gives animation to the silver locks of seventy. It is to be distinguished in the languishing air of an elegant cravated young gentleman of four and twenty, who passes his fingers through his bushy curls, as well as in the forced activity of one who has arrived at that "most barbarous of all middle ages," and in the polish of whose bald head, as it bobs about in the mazy circle, the lights of the drawing room dance a corresponding quadrille to its antipodes, like Wills-o'-the-Wisp in the midst of the surrounding dullness. These bald-pated Philanderers are particularly happy if they can force a *teté-a-teté* with any phrenological female, who may discover in certain obtruding or receding parts of the pericranium, indications of dispositions and talent, which, however they may live according to the system of craniology, on the surface of the head, have, perhaps, never existed in the interior, either of the brain or the heart. In addition to these dancing and phrenological Philanderers, we have your would-be Philanderer, who throws an air of tenderness into—"a little wine, Miss Sophia," or, "were you at the opera, last night, Lady Mary?" or "a prodigious squeeze at Mrs. Thickset's;" all said in a low and tender tone, so as to insinuate to every one out of hearing, that there is an intelligence between him and the lady he is addressing. Then there is your military

Philanderer, who talks of "guns and drums and trumpets," till he believes that

" She loves him for the dangers he has past,
" And he loves her that she does pity them."

Then, there are your blue-stocking Philanderers who discuss the warm passages of a new novel, or poem with a *gout* that seems to appropriate their expressions as illustrations of their own feelings. Your musical Philanderers look unutterable things at the tender passages of Mozart and Rossini; and sing amatory duets with such a contiguity of lip that their breaths mingle like the steam of two adjoining tea kettles, and the words *Amore* and *Coure* seem to ascend in the same volume. Your sentimental Philanderer speaks of desolation—of a soul absorbing passion—of riven hearts—and blighted feelings—and quotes Lord Byron.

Philandering, however, is not confined to the circles of polite life; it extends through society from the Duchess to the Dairy Maid, from the Lord to the labourer. In all ranks those females are to be found who, as Petronius observes in the motto, "Philorum obliviscerentur;" nor is there any deficiency of that species of Philanderers which may be designated the "*Bur*," described by Pliny "quoniam vestibus adhærescat," which may be vulgarly rendered by the words "attached to the Petticoat," or "tied to the apron string."

I cannot conclude the subject, without a caution to male Philanderers, against saying any thing that can be laid hold upon by manœuvring mamas, or artful aunts; by bullying brothers, or cavilling cousins; and to female Philanderers—: but as the French say—"Quand on est bien instruite par cœur il ne faut que la pratique." In one word, the great art of Philandering is, never to go too far to retract—never to say with the common organ of language what may be expressed with impunity by actions and by glances; to dance upon the very confines of declaration; and at the very moment when eyes and hearts and blushes are ready to receive it, to pirouette off in another direction, agreeably to the amusing customs of the dance, which has been appropriately entitled "*LA COQUETTE.*"



ADVERTISEMENT.

For once in my life, I am happy in completely coinciding with the united opinion of the Gentlemen of the Press, that the success of this Opera was entirely owing to the host of talent by which it was supported in its Performance. I must, however, contradict those who asserted, that the eminent Performers who composed my *Dramatis Personæ* were *press'd* into the Service ; for I have to thank them as much for the cheerfulness with which they accepted their Parts, as for the talent with which they performed them. In addition to these thanks, I can only say, that to each individual of this Host of Talent by which I have been supported, I should be happy to prove, Host in return.

An incident in the Frech Opera of “*Joconde*,” forms a part of the plot of the following Opera ; the Story and Dialogue illustrative of the different Systems of Education, with which this incident is interwoven, are believed to be as original as any thing can be, when the Writer’s mind is so impressed with the recollection of preceding Authors, as to feel his own weakness whenever he does not imitate them.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Amaranth, (<i>in love with Matilda</i>)	Mr. BRAHAM.
Philander, (<i>in love with Emile</i>)	Mr. LISTON.
Anselmo, (<i>privately married to Lisette</i>)	Mr. MERCER.
Jerome, (<i>a jolly old Peasant</i>)	Mr. DOWTON.
Pierre, (<i>a severe old Peasant</i>)	Mr. TERRY.
Blaise, (<i>in love with Pauline</i>)	Mr. KNIGHT.
Leoni Lapsis (<i>Village Schoolmaster</i>)	Mr. HARLEY.
Peasants, Gens D'Arms, Gypsies, &c.	
Matilda, (<i>in love with Count Amaranth</i>)	Miss FORDE.
Emile, (<i>in love with Philander</i>)	Miss STEPHENS.
Pauline, (<i>Jerome's Daughter</i>)	Mad. VESTRIS.
Lisette, (<i>Pierre's Daughter</i>)	Miss SMITHSON.
Jeanette, Katrine, and other Peasants, Gypsies, &c.	

PHILANDERING;

OR, THE

ROSE QUEEN.

ACT I.

S C E N E I.

A Village with distant Hills—Jerome's House on one side—Pierre's House on the other, with Practicable Doors, Windows, &c. &c.—Peasants seen in the Distance dancing, &c. &c.

Chorus of Peasantry.

When work is done, 'tis folly

Neighbours not to be jolly :—

Dance—laugh—sing—quaff;—banish all care and sorrow.

Let every moment's leisure,

Be filled with joy and pleasure;

Dance—laugh—sing—quaff;—away with care till to-morrow.

Enter Pierre and Lisette.

Pierre. Still at their follies! Those foolish people thus to spend their evenings in idle singing and dancing. Such doings must lead to their destruction. Don't you think so, girl?

Lis. (Timidly.) Certainly, sir.

Pierre. You, Lisette, ought to bless heaven for having given you a father who has kept you away from all

these vanities, and who has never spoilt you by letting you take your pleasure.

Lis. Very true, sir.

Pierre. Now, tell me, have not you enjoyed our evening's walk to the church-yard more than you could have done all their dancing and nonsense? (*Lisette appears irresolute.*) Eh?

Lis. Oh!—oh!—Certainly, sir.

Pierre. To be sure—we were interrupted a little by the distant sound of their foolish fiddles, and the echo of their silly laughter. Wern't we?

Lis. Yes, sir—Heigho!

Pierre. Ah! I don't wonder you sigh at their folly. They will sigh for it too, when they feel that your superior prudence has won for you the title of "Rose Queen," and that's the thing I've set my old heart upon. There, now I have indulged you with a quarter of an hour's walk, you may go in, and finish your work.

Lis. Thank you, sir.—[*Exit Lisette into house.*

Pierre. You may bring your distaff to the window, but don't idle away your time by looking out of it.—(*Lisette is seen spinning at window.*)—That's the way to bring up a girl—That's the way to ensure her prudence and virtue—and not to let her go dancing, and singing, and laughing, like neighbour Jerome's girl.—[*Music heard without.*—There they are—coming this way, and that old fool, Jerome, at their head.

(Enter peasants, male and female, with music, &c.—they take up the end of the preceding chorus, and sing it round Pierre, who shews his disgust—Jerome leading them.)

Jerome. (Singing the last words of the chorus.)

Laugh and quaff, and drink I say,
Send away all sorrow;
If the sun goes down to-day,
'Twill rise again to-morrow.

Well done, neighbours. Be jolly while we can. That's right—but, wheugh! wheugh!—I begin to be afraid I'm not so young as I was twenty years ago. Where's my Pauline?—Why, where's my girl? She is seldom the last in the laugh and the dance.

Enter Pauline.

Pau. Here I am, father. I'm afraid you are tired!
Jerome. Tired! The sight of your pleasures may fatigue me, girl, but they can never tire me.

Pau. And your enjoyment of them must ever double mine.

Pierre. Neighbour Jerome. I'm astonish'd at you!

Jerome. Astonish'd; and what are you astonish'd at, neighbour Pierre?

Pierre. Astonish'd at your lending your countenance to such follies.

Jerome. 'Tis a good job you didn't follow my example, and lend yours. It would have turned all our wine to vinegar, and our merriment to melancholy. He who presses the grape has a right to some portion of its juice.

Pierre. I am ashamed to see a man of your years encourage such folly.

Jerome. Why, as to my years, nothing makes them sit so lightly, as the contemplation of that pleasure in others which I have once enjoyed myself. Yes, Pierre, Pierre; the pleasure of one's children forms the sunshine of an old man's life.

Pierre. You should be thinking of something else, with one foot in the grave.

Jerome. One foot in the grave! and suppose they were both there; should the old man's death spoil the young man's merriment? No, tho' my girl here will drop a tear to her father's memory, I hope it will evaporate in a lover's smile, like dew-drops in the sunshine; 'tis the course of nature. The peasants in their evening gambols will sometimes give a thought to old Jerome, but it will be accompanied by a laugh, tho' I am dead; and they will say—"What a jolly dog he was," and that's the only epitaph I wish to be written, sung, or chaunted to my memory. My wine, girl, my wine!

Pau. (bringing wine) Here, father.

SONG—JEROME.

When I'm dead, on my tombstone I hope they will say,
 Here lies an old fellow, the foe of all care;—
 With the juice of the grape he would moisten his clay,
 And, wherever he went, frolic follow'd him there!

With the young he would laugh,
 With the old he would quaff,
 And banish afar all traces of sorrow :
 Old Jerome would say—
 “ Though the sun sinks to-day,
 It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow.”

Though the snows of old age might whiten his brow,
 It was never by gloom for a moment o'ercast ;
 His age, like the sunset which gleams on us now,
 Chas'd away with its brightness the clouds to the last.
 With the young he would laugh,
 With the old he would quaff,
 And banish afar all traces of sorrow :
 Old Jerome would say—
 “ Though the sun sinks to-day,
 It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow.”

Jerome. Here's to your learning to laugh, *Pierre*.

Pierre. Jerome, Jerome, you are past mending.

Jerome. Mending ; lookye, *Pierre* ; we're of the same age, born in the same village, dogleaved the same book, flogg'd by the same birch, married our wives the same month, (*with feeling*) and, I believe, buried the old girls in the same year ; and have been all our lives disputing on the same points, namely, whether it is best to lead the life of an anchorite like you, and make everybody as miserable as yourself, or to lead a life of jollity like me, and try to make every body as happy as I am.

Pierre. You spoil your daughter—

Jerome. What ! by making her love her old Father ! and you do love him—don't you, girl ? (*To Pauline.*)

Pau. Oh, that, I do—(*embraces and kisses him*)—and how can I help it while you are so good and kind to me.

Pierre. Pshaw ! For my part I think such familiarities destroy filial respect—my daughter Lisette, no more dare take such liberties with me—

Jerome. Then you know not what a pleasure you have lost, and I pity you. But look ye, *Pierre*, I never had but two pair of lips in my life to kiss—her's, and her mother's—(*with feeling*)—The one are gone, so you must not be surprised at my making the most use of those that remain, and, I hope they will kiss, and pray for me as long as I live—(*kisses her again.*)

Pierre. Jerome, Jerome, the seeds of virtue must be plough'd into the human heart with a deep furrow, 'ere they will take root in such a stubborn soil.

Jerome. No, they should rather be cultivated with kindness, that like a genial summer shall bring them into blossom—kindled by the breath of love into a gentle flame, and not blown out by the rude gusts of unnecessary anger. *Pierre,* *Pierre,* you know we always thought differently—you always see the blackness of the cloud that threatens the storm—I never look at any thing but its silver edge that tells me there is a sun somewhere.

Pierre. Pshaw! you'll repent all this too late—

Lap. (*without.*) Very well, old ladies go and deliberate, and let your oracle hear who is to be the “Rose Queen” as soon as possible.

Pauline. Oh, here's Lapsis the schoolmaster—now, perhaps, we may gain a hint of who will be the successful candidate—I do so long to know.

Pierre. Not you—I'll be bound—(*aside.*)

Enter Lapsis with a book under his arm. The Peasants surround him.

Lap. Ah, ha! here you are—all assembled I see in the hopes of being elected “Rose Queen.”—Come, come, none of your coaxing—you think I've some interest with the old women. I'm never coax'd by the young ones now, without there's something to be got, I see, he, he, he, ho. (*To Pierre.*) Old Gravity, your fist; (*shakes Pierre's clenched hand in spite of his resistance*)—much obliged to you for not putting it in my face. Old Jollity, your open palm?—(*shakes Jerome's hand heartily.*)

Jerome. You're welcome, master Lapsis, heartily welcome!

Pau. (*Curtseying*)—How d'ye do Mr. Lapsis—hope your pretty well, Mr. Lapsis.

Lap. My little Pauline! and *Pierre*, where's Lisette?

(*During the commencement of the following speech a peasant is seen to enter and make signs to Lisette—she starts—he approaches and gives her a letter, which she hides in her bosom just before Pierre turns round—but has not resumed her work.*

Pierre. Where a prudent and discreet maiden ought to be, at home at her distaff.—Look at her, she is not idle, nor giving her ear to silly nonsense—Ah!—on with your work, I say.—(Lisette *resumes her work.*)—Well, now to business, Mr. Lapsis.

Lap. Well, my business is pleasure, and my pleasure is business—I've flogged all the boys and sent them out to amuse themselves; they've got pretty well thro' their accidence in the morning, I hope they'll get as well thro' their accidents in the evening.

Pierre. I thought you were going to business.

Lap. As though I ever neglected it—Hav'nt I educated the present generation? Don't all the boys and girls in the parish owe their multiplications, their divisions, and their practice to me? Hav'nt I taught them all the vulgar tongue? Did'nt they learn from me their nouns substantive? Did'nt I teach them their cases? and was there ever a child of four years old under my tuition, that when I call'd out Vocative, did'nt call out O?

Jerome. They were much more likely to cry out oh! when you were in the accusative case, I think.

Lap. Eh! he, he, he, ho! Well now, the day after to-morrow, neighbours, you all know will be the Feast of the Roses.

Peasants. Yes—yes—yes—we all know that.

Lap. Well, I have just impanelled a jury of old women to decide upon the most proper person to be elected, and they have deputed me to come here to collect the names of the candidates, and have trusted me with this voluminous collection of their laws, the observance of which is necessary to render them eligible.

Pierre. In plain language, you are the old women's deputy, then.

Lap. Old women's deputy! (*Advancing to him.*) He, he, he, ho! (*Walking off in the midst of his laugh.*) Old women's oracle, you mean; the young one's too, for the matter of that. Well, as I was saying, the day after to-morrow is the anniversary of the festival, instituted anno domini I don't know when—I'm not in the dative case, by some good ancestor of the Count Amaranth, of immortal memory, who left an annual sum of money, to be given as a marriage portion, with a wreath of roses, to her who should be pronounced by the elderly ladies of the parish to be the most modest, the most discreet, and

the most prudent maid of the village. Think of that, girls. He, he, he, ho ! In this book are inscribed the names of every successive Rose Queen, since the institution of the festival. There's the poor defunct Mrs. L.'s name, my dear dead wife's, down among them. Her wreath hangs up still in the school room, for the boys to shy at. Tender souvenir ! But she's dead, and that's all over. Now for the laws. (*Reading from book.*) "Imprimis. The old ladies do hereby enact—that no female can be a candidate, who is under sixteen, or above 'four-and-twenty.' In the one case, I suppose, because they're not old enough to know better ; and, in the other, because they're too old not to know better."

Pau. Well, come, I'm eligible in that particular, however, for I was eighteen last birthday.

Lap. And, secundo, the old feminine lawgivers do further enact—"that no young damsel can be entitled to be the Rose Queen, who shall have spoken to her lover, within the last three months, without the presence of a matron." Now, ladies, you hear the qualifications. Who stands forward as candidates ?

Peasant Girls. I, I, I, I, I, I, I, &c. &c.

Lap. I, I, I, I, and I—he, he, he, ho ! What, you're all, then, the most prudent, the most discreet. Oh ! what, Jeannette, are you there ? Come here.

[*Jeannette comes forward; Lapsis speaks to her aside.*

Why, I say, Jeannette, do you dare stand as a candidate?

Jean. Oh, yes, sir.

Lap. Pooh ! pooh ! nonsense ! What were you doing with you know who, under the great cherry-tree, last Friday was a week ?

Jean. Law ! we were only playing at Cherry-Bob.

Lap. Cherry-Bob ! what, with each other's lips ?—he, he, he, ho ! well, there, I won't tell—and you too, Katrine, are you there ?

(*Katrine coming forward.*)—Yes, sir.

Lap. What ! are you a candidate ? (*She curtsies.*) You are—how did you crack the pitcher yesterday was three weeks—eh ? and who bought the new one ?—(*Katrine looks confused.*) There—go along—I won't tell, though I do know where the pieces lie. (*Singing.*) "Truth, they say, lies in a well."—He, he, he, ho ! and Ma'amselle Pauline, too !

Jerome. Yes, to be sure ; and if merry-heartedness, mixed with modesty, deserve the wreath, she has it.

Lap. Allow me just to say a word in her ear.—(*Pauline approaches him.*)—I say, do you remember Blaise the other day ? (*Imitating the whisper of lovers.*) Do you think I didn't see you in the bye walk ?

Pau. Well, there was nothing contrary to the bye laws in my being in the bye walk with Blaise.

Lap. How ! nothing contrary to the laws ?

Pau. No, you were there.

Lap. Well !

Pau. And the law allows us to converse with our lovers in the presence of any of the old women of the parish, you know.

[*Peasants laugh.*

Lap. Old woman ! he, he, ho !

Pierre. Come, Lisette, come and place yourself among the candidates.

Lis. (*Coming forward, and taking her place.*) Heaven grant I may not betray my secret.

Lap. Now, you see, Jerome, I am going to make the candidates a speech. You know I am quite a linguist.

Pierre. So I should imagine ; for you always talk as though you had more tongues than one in your head.

Lap. He, he, he, ho ! Now, ladies, recollect the honour of being Rose Queen : recollect that it is not the honour of a day—a fleeting summer's day, or a short winter's one—no, it will be inscribed in this book—it will be engraven on your tombstones : and think, my dear little girls, the pleasure, the delight, with which your husbands will read your epitaphs—

Jer. Holloa ! holloa !

Pau. Oh—I intend to outlive mine, and read his.

Peasants. So do I—so do I.

Lap. Oh, I've no doubt you do. You'll compose him first, and compose his epitaph afterwards. (*Aside to Jerome.*) Now I'll frighten a few of them. Now, ladies, there is one among you, who has this day dared to stand forward as a candidate, who has broken through the laws of the old ladies.

Lis. (*Aside.*) I hope he has not discovered my secret.

Pau. (*Aside.*) I hope he is not going to tell about Blaise.

Lap. I see the blush of consciousness rise in her cheek. Ladies, I feel it my duty to point out this individual. But, no; pity restrains me. I must leave it to your sagacity, or to her own conscience—and yet—it is my duty to proclaim, that her name is—

[*All the Peasants start, and appear alarmed.*

But I will not mention her name: the winds might blow it to the next parish, and then we should all be blown. But I must not permit her to escape, so let her beware; for with this very book of the elderly ladies' bye laws, which she has transgressed, will I punish her. Remember, I shall hit none but the right—the rest are safe.

[*Pretends to throw the book; all the female Peasants stoop their heads to avoid the blow.*

Ah, ha! I thought there was only one; but I see you are all the same. He, he, he, ho!

[*Peasants laugh.*

Pierre. Come, come, away with this foolery; you will please to insert my daughter Lisette's name in the list of candidates.

Jerome. And my Pauline's.

Pau. Oh! I'll write my own.

Lap. Oh, certainly, certainly, but I can't write all your names. So come, Pauline and Jeanette, and Colinne, and all the &c. &c. Come all of you who can write, to whom I have taught round text and running-hand, and write your names down, and then go to bed and dream of being Rose Queen, which may do as well for a time as the reality. But stop, I forgot to tell you, Jerome and Pierre, that the young Count Amaranth has arrived at the Castle with his Lady that is to be, and all the world besides; and there they are dancing and singing, and eating and drinking, and making merry; and I should not at all wonder, if some of the party were to come over to our festival. There'll be an honour for you; so put on your best behaviour, with your best bib and tuckers, for who knows what may happen. So, huzza! for our Seigneur the Count and his new Countess, and good bye till to-morrow. [Exit Lap. and Peasant.]

Pierre. Lisette, see that my room is ready, and retire to your own immediately.

Lis. I obey you, sir.

[Exit Lisette into house.

Pierre. Jerome, good night.

Jérôme. Come, neighbour Pierre, our disputes must never follow us to our pillows. Shake hands, man!

Pierre. Pshaw!

Jérôme. You're angry with my system, but I am quite certain now that my girl has no more a lover now than your Lisette. Have you, Pauline?

Pau. Oh! dear, no father. What should I do with a lover?

Pierre. Lisette, if she dared think of such a thing...

Jérôme. Come, come, they must think of their lovers some time or other; if their mothers hadn't thought so before them, where should we have been? and for the matter of that, where would they have been? Come, come, Pierre, you've an outside as rough as a peach-stone, but we all know there is a kernel under it; if we hadn't, we should have crack'd you long ago, and sent you out of the parish. So, good night—good night.

Pierre. (*Gruffly.*) Good night.

[*Exit Pierre into house.*

Jérôme. Poor Pierre! I don't think I'm quite such a sour fellow as he is; but yet, Pauline, recollect, that were I to discover that you did any thing that could prevent your being elected Rose Queen—But I know you never will—So, good night! I don't want to drive you in as Pierre does Lisette, but only don't wander from the door.

Pau. Good night, my dear father. (*Kisses him.*)

Jérôme. Ah, you little cunning rogue! you know that the nightly kiss of affection is the harbinger of pleasant dreams—good night.

[*Exit Jérôme in the house.*

Pau. Oh dear—well, he is a good—kind—dear papa, and that's certain, and it is a great shame to deceive him—heigh ho! yet—if the men will talk about love and constancy, and if nature has given us ears to listen to them, and hearts to feel for them, why what can we do; now I shouldn't at all wonder at Lisette's deceiving that grumbling old papa of her's—but she is too prudent—I wonder whether Blaise will keep his appointment to-night.

(*Lisette at Window.*)

Lis. Hist! hist! Pauline!

Pau. Ha! Lisette!

Lis. Speak lower—you will wake my father I have a secret, which has long oppressed me—may I trust you.

Pau. A secret—what you—oh—you may trust me.

Lis. Oh Pauline—do you remember the young gentlemen that came last year to the castle.

Pau. What! in the sporting season?

Lis. —(confused)—Yes, in the sporting season.

Pau. What! did one of his random shots hit you?—nay, speak out—did he vow, and swear, and go upon his knees?

Lis. Yes—

Pau. And did you listen, and soften, and relent, and repent?

Lis. Yes, yes, even to the last, for we were privately married.

Pau. Married! well done, paternal vigilance—and pray what may your name be now?

Lis. I dare not tell it—he is so much above my rank in life that he has sworn me to secrecy. But I confess; I could keep it concealed from you no longer. I have this evening received a note from him saying he must accompany the Count, upon whom he is dependent, to the Castle, and will take the earliest opportunity of seeing me to explain some mystery.

Pau. Mystery! But I say—Lisette, you're sure you are married? because these gentlemen they say are terrible rogues.

Lis. Yes, yes—on its discovery I must entreat your's and Jerome's assistance to calm my father's anger—alas! if it had not been for his severity, I should, perhaps, have never deceived him.

Pau. Oh, dear, yes, you would child.

Lis. You will not betray me?

Pau. No—

Lis. And will assist me.

Pau. Yes, through every thing.

Lis. Adieu!

[*Lisette retires.*

Pau. Well, I declare, this has almost put Blaise out of my head. The prudent and demure Miss Lisette!—The example of the village, to have, not only a lover, but

a husband. Why, she has gone farther than any of us, I declare. Oh, these men—these men—what plagues—what torments they are to poor little innocent women ! Doing all in their power to make us disobey papas and mamas ; yet so angry, after having once taught us disobedience, if we venture to put it in practice against themselves. They pretend to be our Mentors, while they are only our tormentors. Well, if they torment us before marriage, we do our best to torment them after it : and it serves them right ; for what with their oaths, and vows, and sighs, they are the cause of all the scrapes we get into.—I scarcely know what we should yet do without them.

SONG.—PAULINE.

Were it not for these men, we should ne'er do amiss ;
 Nor papas nor mamas disobey :
 But, alas ! when with sighs, they demand but a kiss—
 Why—what can a poor maiden say ?
 She cries no—then cries hush—
 Then looks down with a blush,
 While he swears to his vows he'll be true ;
 And with one by your side
 Who will not be denied—
 Why—what can a poor maiden do ?

While they guess there's a heart pleading for them within,
 'Tis in vain that our lips say then nay :
 But, alas ! if they once are determined to win—
 Why—what can a poor maiden say ?
 She cries no—with a blush—
 He persists—she cries hush ;—
 If she fly, still the lovers pursue :
 Though these men we may fear,
 Yet, without them, Oh dear !—
 Why—what can a poor maiden do ?

[*Exit into cottage.*

Enter Blaise, out of breath.

Blaise. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! How being a little out of time, and a great deal in love, does take a man's breath away. I am a little after my time, because I just waited to drink the Count's health with the butler, and to see

the preparations for the fête which they give at the castle to-night. Strange beings these great people are, to turn night into day:—I dare say their pleasures are all moonshine. I shall soon hear Pauline's signal, and when that comes, I generally whistle a tune—a gentle air, if all is safe, and a loud whistle, if any body is in the way. I think I'll just give her a little whistling hint, first.

[*Blaise whistles, Jerome appears at window.*

Jerome. What the devil does that mean?

Blaise. Oh dear! Well, this love is a queer kind of thing, certainly. I wish we were married, and it was all over.

Jerome. As I'm alive, there is somebody loitering about the house.

Blaise. I don't hear her signal yet.

Jerome. I'll be about his ears presently.

[*Exit from window.*

Blaise. Oh, these girls, how they do make us wait!

Door opens, and enter Jerome.

• Ah, I hear the door!

Jerome. Who's there?

Blaise. Eh!—oh, Lord!—dear—dear—Neighbour Jerome, how you astonished me.

Jerome. Yes, and I intend astonishing you still more—how dare you be walking here at this time of night?

Blaise. Why 'tis the public street of the village is'n't it? and may not a body walk, just to—just to—take the air?

Jerome. Take the air, indeed! come, come, Blaise, that wont do—you must have some sinister motive for being here, and I will know what it is, or as I'm the mayor, I'll take you up directly.

Blaise. Oh dear—well 'tis a very hard case that a man cant take his evening walk without danger of being put in limbo for it by a magistrate.

Jerome. Come, now master Blaise, I know there is a girl in the case, and if I find it out—

Blaise. Find out! and what would you find out Jerome, only that young men are always the same—why they say you were a devil of a fellow among the girls when you were young?

Jerome. So I was—so I was—aye, those were the

times—but they're gone by and have nothing to do with time present—so tell me instantly.

Blaise. Well, well, I will tell you, only don't be in a passion—*(aside)*—I have it—why then there is a girl in the case.

Jerome. Oh; there is; is there?

Blaise. You know your neighbour Pierre?

Jerome. Eh—Pierre—why sure it is not Lisette?

Blaise. You know that he watches like a lynx all day.

Jerome. And so you come like a fox in the night—Eh! cunning rogue—poor Pierre—ha, ha, ha!

Blaise. Poor Pierre—ha, ha, ha—

(Jerome and Blaise laugh.—Pauline sings within.)

Jerome. What's that?

Blaise. Oh Crimini,—*(aside)*—she thinks her father in bed and sings the signal.

(Pauline sings again, Blaise whistles loudly, singing stops.)

Jerome. What the devil did you whistle for?

Blaise. Oh, 'tis my signal—*(aside)*—come that's no lie.

Jerome. What, she comes with a whistle, does she?

Blaise. You won't tell?

Jerome. I, no, no, but I can't help laughing—ha, ha, ha!

Blaise. He, he, he, but I say don't laugh so loud you'll wake him.

Jerome. So I shall, for I dare say he sleeps with one eye open, poor Pierre! ha, ha, this will make Pauline pretty sure of her election ha, ha, ha, poor Pierre! Oh you sly rogue.

[Exit Jerome into Cottage.]

Blaise. He, he, he—Oh well, that was a come off certainly, but I did not say—no—I did not actually say it was Lisette. 'Twas he said that—and as he is to be my father-in-law I could not contradict him, (*Anselmo, seen coming down the Mountains,*) I should not like any body tho' to take such a liberty with my Pauline's name, poor Jerome, he little suspects, but then he is so unsuspecting, I like unsuspecting people, I'm unsuspecting myself.—*(Sees Anselmo)*—Eh? who can that be, loitering about here?

Ans. I've escaped for a short time from the Castle, only to convince Lisette that she is still remembered, and to explain to her my real name.

Blaise. I don't like his appearance, wrapped up in a cloak; no honest man wants a cloak.

Blaise. (*Aside.*) I'll speak to him. Pray, sir—

(*Anselmo turns round suddenly—Blaise starts.*)

Ans. Well, sir!

Blaise. Why, sir—I ask your pardon, sir—But pray, sir—I thought, sir—you might have lost your way, sir—and I'd put you right—that's all.

Ans. No, no, friend—I am at no loss.

Blaise. (*Aside.*) I'm sorry for it—for I am how to get rid of you.

Ans. (*Aside.*) I can do nothing while that man remains.

Blaise. (*Aside.*) I'll at him again. Pray, sir, what may be your reason for walking here, if I may be so bold?

Ans. My reason! why, friend, is'nt it the highway?

Blaise. The highway! oh, you're in that line, are you? Then I tell you, you had better be off, for you're just under the window of the mayor.

Ans. This man's presence will prevent my seeing Lisette. I say, my friend, I've an affair on this spot of vital importance to myself—and another person.

Blaise. Another person—what, a woman? I begin to suspect this fellow's poaching after my Pauline. (*Loud*) Of vital importance!

Ans. Yes, and when I tell you that a woman's happiness is concerned in it also, I am sure that your native gallantry—

Blaise. Native gallantry! why look ye, young sir, we've enough of native gallantry for the girls of our village, without your bringing any of your foreign gallantry to assist it. I begin to feel cursed jealous. (*Aside.*) He is not half such a bad looking fellow as I thought him. (*Affects to laugh.*) And so 'tis a woman, a love affair—eh?—and no burglary?

Pierre. (*Looking out of window, aside.*) Love and burglary! What's this?

Ans. Nothing else upon my word.

Blaise. And I say, my friend, (*great agitation,*) who is the fair one! Come, come, as I've caught you, you may as well tell.

Blaise. Surely, you would not compel a man to betray his secret in this way?

Blaise. (*Getting more and more agitated.*) But I would, though—(*aside*)—I'm sure 'tis Pauline. So, if you do not tell me instantly, I'll raise the house—I'll raise the village—I'll raise the devil.

Ans. Hush! hush, for heaven's sake.

Blaise. I won't hush.

Blaise. I wont consider I will know.

Ans.—(*Aside.*)—what shall I do? I must not betray Lisette, I must not point out the real cottage—well, then—to satisfy you—but you'll go directly?

Blaise. Oh yes—

Ans. She lives in that cottage—(*Pointing to Jerome's Cottage.*)

Blaise. In that cottage! she does, does she? Pauline's cottage I declare.

Pierre.—(*Aside*)—Oh 'tis Jerome's daughter—I thought as much, I shant listen—it is no business of mine—I pity the poor man—but 'tis no business of mine.—(*Shut the Window.*)

Blaise. In that cottage—(*Aside*)—a base, perfidious—(*Gulping down his Passion*)—and you are to see her tonight?

Ans. Yes, yes, my friend—if you will only give me the opportunity.

Blaise.—(*Inward Passion*)—opportunity—opportunity—yes, I'll give you opportunity.

Ans. Why what's the matter friend!

Blaise. Matter—matter—I'll tell you what—nay—I'm chok'd with passion but if I dont—

Ans. Hush—

Blaise. If, I dont—(*pressing his stick*).

Pierre. heard within—*Lisette.*

Ans. 'Tis useless—there's her father's voice—(*going*)

Blaise. Seeing her—no you dont go—

Ans. (*Struggling*)—nay, nay, friend—'tis all a mistake.

Jerome heard within—*Pauline*—

Blaise. Jerome's voice—I'll tetl him—no, no, I wont betray her—though she is faithless—(*Old Men heard within*)—but I'll follow him—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An elegant Apartment in the Castle of Count Amaranth.

Enter Matilda.

Mat. No, I never can support it, to see the Count

thus on the eve of his marriage flirting with every lady in the room—Oh, this love—'Tis like the flame which appears so brilliant in the distance, but which we cannot approach without destruction.

SONG.

When first the dazzling flame appears,
The moth attracted by its light,
Thinks brilliance all ; nor danger fears,
Within an orb that beams so bright.

But ah ! approach'd ! how soon it feels,
Within that orb its dreadful fate !
A fate which its destruction seals,
And then repentance comes too late.

Enter Emile.

Emile. My dear Matilda what is the matter ? what has made you retire from a fête which is given entirely out of compliment to yourself ?

Mat. Compliment ! what have compliments to do with the heart ! Oh, *Emile*, I hate compliments.

Emile. A woman and hate compliments ! that's unnatural.

Mat. Is it not beyond endurance to see the Count wandering among all the women in the drawing room like a butterfly in a flower garden.

Emile. Well, my love, as long as he wanders among them only like a butterfly, never mind—should he imitate the industry of the bee and find honey in them, then indeed there might be some danger—but look at *Philander*, is not he on the point of marriage with me ?

Mat. Certainly—

Emile. And does not he flirt quite as much as the Count ? and yet you see I bear it patiently.

Mat. Yes, but you can flirt with others in return.

Emile. To be sure I can—'tis the best revenge for the affront, and the most effectual remedy for the disease—depend upon it, it is the only way. As long as the proud proprietor of the garden sees the rose hang ready to be pluck'd by himself alone, he suffers it to hang neglected on the tree, but the moment he perceives another hand outstretched to cull its sweets, then is he in arms for its defence.

Mat. But you have spirit for the contention, which I have not. How do you manage it?

Emile. Why, when I see my flirting Philander particularly attentive to a lady, I immediately appear interested in the conversation of the first man who addresses me: as he bows his head nearer to the ear of his lady, I approach mine nearer to the face of my gentleman: when I imagine he has said any thing particularly tender or smart, I instantly smile upon my beau, as though he had done the same thing to me; though, perhaps, the poor fellow never said any thing smart or tender in the whole course of his life.

Mat. But what is the effect of all this?

Emile. Why, at first, Philander casts his eyes towards us, with a sort of inquisitive exulting glance—as much as to say, “See what a general favourite I am with the ladies.” The second time, he looks up with a kind of anxious fear, that I am quite as general a favourite with the gentlemen—till, by the time I have nodded, and smiled, and sighed, looked down at my fan, and attempted a blush or two, the wanderer rushes to me, in an agony of jealousy, and does not quit my side for the evening.

Mat. But are not these rather dangerous experiments? May not beauty lose its power, if it exerts its influence to give pain?

Emile. Oh, no. Recollect, my love, that although it is the bait that allures the silly fish to the end of our line, it is the hook which catches it: the bait he would swallow, and skim his way through the silver stream, forgetful of the hand which had thrown it, were it not for the pain which gently draws him back again. However, to be serious, our gentlemen do flirt a little too much for bridegrooms; and if you will but join me in a plot, we will give them a lesson, which they shall remember as long as they live.

Mat. A plot!—what plot?

Emile. Why a plot?—Hush! let us be sure that nobody listens. A plot to make them jealous.

Mat. Jealous! to make them jealous?

Emile. Aye, jealous.

Mat. Jealous! I declare I should not know how to set about it.

Emile. Oh, my love, that's a lesson easily learn't—we'll away to the saloon—pay our gentleman no more

attention than the Candelabras, but have a smile, a word, and a glance for every body else.

Mat. Heigho!

Emile. Nay, throw your sighs to the winds of which they are made; it is the duty of the men to win us, but it is our duty to retain them when they are won.

Mat. But how to do that?

Emile. When they are angry, coax them; when they are fond, slight them; when they are too confident, make them jealous; when they are melancholy, sing to them; when they are merry, promote their amusement; and when, under this regime, they become all we wish them to be, then let us sometimes endeavour to be all they wish us.

D U E T.

MATILDA;

Were men such as we would chuse them,
We would have them better far;

" EMILE.

Yes, but rather sure than lose them,
We must take them as they are.

MATILDA.

So deceiving,
Still bereaving,
Constant woman of her heart;

EMILE.

Sighing—smiling,
Heart beguiling,
Yet, we cannot from them part.

MATILDA.

God of Love, what shall we do now?

EMILE.

Think not e'er to make them true now.

MATILDA.

Oh! these men, they know their powers;

EMILE.

Yet, but still revenge is ours.

BOTH.

Though, } We cannot from them part.
Yet, }

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Anselmo.

Ans. What can they mean? The ladies, as they brushed by me into the saloon, told me something about making their admirers jealous, and wishing to confide in me. But my own affairs are too pressing to think of theirs. How unlucky, that booby clown should have prevented my speaking to Lisette; I might then have explained to her, that the name under which I have woo'd and won her, is not my own, but that I am Anselmo, the Count's Protegé, and not Philander, the Count's friend, as she supposes me. Oh, this modesty, the brightest jewel in the circle of woman's virtue, what a troublesome companion it is to man. 'Twas my modesty induced me to assume the name of Philander instead of my own, because I had heard it was a host among the women; and here come the Count and Philander, unexpectedly, into the country; and my marriage must inevitably be discovered. Ah! the Count!

Enter Count Amaranth in agitation.

Count. Upon my word, this is a very odd stile of behaviour in a woman that is to be one's wife—within a few days of her marriage too—flirting thus with every coxcomb—I shall be the laugh of the whole Court—(*seeing Anselmo.*)—Ah, Anselmo, I have scarcely seen you since our arrival.

Ans. My Lord, you know my predilection for solitude.

Count.—(*Aside.*)—Inclination prompts me to ask him if he has observed any thing of late with regard to Matilda—and yet, no—I cannot do that—I must not let him perceive—Anselmo, tell Philander I would speak to him.

Ans. I see him coming from the illuminated saloon, my Lord.

Count. Then retire—and—I say—I say, Anselmo—keep as near Matilda as you can.

Ans. I obey, sir.

[*Exit* Anselmo.]

Count. I am afraid, I shall betray my agitation.

Enter Philander, *in great agitation, not seeing the Count.*

Phi. Upon my soul, these are very pretty doings—very pretty, indeed. Flirting—coquetting—ogling—sighing—and I can scarcely tell what besides—'tis not at all agreeable—but tout au contraire—and so I shall teach her—A woman on the point of marriage to behave so.

(*Philander and the Count meet.*)

Count. What! you observed it then, did you?

Phi. Yes; upon my soul, my Lord, I did.

Count. I dare say it was the observation of the whole company.

Phi. I've no doubt it was.

Count. Did you ever see any thing so shameful?

Phi. Oh, quite abominable.

Count. Ought one to endure it patiently?

Phi. Tout au contraire—and I intend to punish her.

Count. Punish her—why, of whom are you speaking?

Phi. Of whom! why of Emile.

Count. Of Emile—pshaw!—(*aside*)—how ridiculous jealousy makes some people.

Phi. Yes, of Emile—Why of whom was your Lordship speaking?

Count. Of Matilda—didn't you observe her on her entering the saloon?—Not one glance—not one word for me—but sighs and nods—and sentences for every one else.

Phi. Sighs and nods and sentences—that was nothing to Emile. The moment she saw me, she chasséed to the other side of the apartment—balancéed a curtsey to the young Seigneur Vivaldi—rigadooned herself into a seat between the two Parisians; and I actually left her pas de basquing it, with the young Florentine. It has given me a great deal of uneasiness—a kind of uneasiness I never felt before—a sort of husband-like uneasiness.

Count. But if the truth were known now you gave cause for this conduct.

Phi. I—upon my soul, my Lord—no—the very moment of her entering the saloon, I was—I was—let me see—I was only seated on an ottoman, at the feet of the charming little Marquise De Roseville, and reciting her some tender verses on her lap dog.

Count. Well, my dear Philander, there was cause, you see: now I—I was actually only having a little innocent conversation, in the recessed window, with the pretty little Marseilloise.

Phi. With whom, by the bye, your Lordship has been flirting, ever since our arrival at the castle: and flirting is, certainly, a very pleasant sort of employment for one's self; but when one sees a woman one cares for, flirting with another—'tis tout au contraire.

Count. So it is.

Phi. I'm determined, therefore, to carry my intended wife far away from the pernicious influence of good society; for I begin to feel exceedingly like a husband: and then, you know, I have not that exalted rank which your Highness possesses.

Count. Ah, Philander! I'm afraid that the weak heart of a woman may yield more to the influence of rank than to affection.

Phi. Very likely.

Count. I dread, lest the dazzle of wealth and power may not shut Matilda's eyes, and mislead her heart.

Phi. Very likely.

Count. No one, you see, dare rival me in Matilda's affection.

Phi. I wish I could say the same, with respect to myself and Emile: but there it is tout au contraire; for every body rivals me.

Count. Now, if you, Philander, who have been so successful in your amours—

Phi. Oh, my Lord, you do me honour.

Count. You, who have left traces of your success in all parts of the world—

Phi. Oh, my Lord, I hope you don't mean little Philanders.

Count. Who have succeeded in Germany—

Phi. Where I made love metaphysically.

Count. In Italy—

Phi. Where I courted sentimentally.

Count. In Spain—

Phi. Where I serenaded myself into their balconies.

Count. In Portugal

Phi. Where I talked myself into their good graces.

Count. In Paris—

Phi. Where I got into their good graces by letting them talk

Count. and in England

Phi. No, my lord, there we stop—there it was tout au contraire—the moment I whisper'd a civil thing in a woman's ear in England, I was immediately referr'd to some papa or mama; or if providence had removed these near relatives; there was sure to be some sybil of an aunt, who kindly undertook their place to enquire into intentions, settlements, widows jointures, fortunes for younger children, and pin money. In short, there was such a turmoil before marriage that I question whether there could be so much after it, and the lawyers made such a fuss about provision for separate maintenance, that if I married in England, I should think it best to sign articles of separation before we were united, to prevent any contest about them afterwards.

Count. Now Philander, could I once have had such a rival as yourself in the affections of Matilda.

Phi. Don't mention it, my lord.

Count. I should then have been happy.

Phi.—(Conceitedly)—Perhaps, tout au contraire

Count. Yes, you can alone still my anxious suspicions, your knowledge of the sex—all your flattery—all your experience by an attempt to gain the affections of Matilda.

Phil. I—my lord—upon my soul I should not dare—but—a thought strikes me—well, my lord, upon one condition I consent—

Count. Name it?

Enter Anselmo behind advancing, but hearing the Count and Philander speak, he stops to listen.

Phil. To speak the truth, your highness has inspired me with a wish to know whether Emile's affection for me would resist the influence of that rank and splendid station which you could offer her.

Count. I understand you—the condition of your making love to Matilda is, that I should use my utmost efforts to gain the affections of Emile.

Anselm. (*Aside.*) So—so—the ladies must know this

Count. But remember we must solemnly swear to conceal nothing

Phil. Oh nothing—we'll tell even if they should yield so much as a little finger to our solicitations—so here's for one more flirtation and then sit myself down as a quiet married man for the rest of my days—a quiet married man—it seems an anomaly in nature.

Count. Ha, Matilda has just left the saloon.

Phil. And Emile coming this way—every thing propitious to our scheme.

Count. Fly Philander—fly—but hold—

DUET.

Count. Go whisper in my Lady's ear

The thousand nothings love invents ;
Speak of those hopes to lovers dear,
With honey'd words beguile her sense.

And then her hand you'll gently press—

Phi. I will—I will—as I'm a man :—

Count. Then give one gaze of tenderness :—

Phi. I'll look as tender as I can.

Count. "Then tell her that you love as much,

" As poor Leander lov'd of old ;

" Try oaths and tears her heart to touch :

" By turns be timid—and by turns be bold."

And then you'll sigh—

Phi. I will—heigh-ho ?

Count. Then kneel and at her feet you'll swear—

Phi. Oaths, that for nothing ever go ;—

I will—I will—

Count. But ah ! beware,

Should she prove faithless—that—you—dont—

Phi. Oh no, my Lord—I wont—I wont—

tout au contraire

DUETTO.

Should she resist—I'm blest indeed.

And doubly curs'd, if you succeed.

[*Exit.*

Count. I see that he is almost afraid to trust me.

(Emile sings some melancholy Air without).

(Looking at her)—here comes Emile—well really there is something very piquante in her person—not so dignified as Matilda to be sure, but then that dignity has its inconveniences.

Enter Emile, pretending not to see the Count, she appears melancholy.

Emile. (aside.) So—so—if we do not make them remember this attempt, say we are not women.

Count. Emile!

Emile. Ah, my lord—are you there?

Count, How is it that you have quitted the saloon? that saloon which your presence enlivens—the society which your wit delights?

Emile. I dont know, my lord—But gaiety and my heart have long ceased to be companions. Society only creates ennui, and solitude, alas! brings but melancholy recollections, or unpleasant anticipations—heigho!

Count. Happy Philander!

Emile. Happy? and why is he so happy, my lord?

Count. Happy to have sufficient influence to cause that sigh.

Emile. Indeed, my lord, Philander has no such influence over me—'tis true that I have suffered his attentions, that I have permitted him to sigh, and talk nonsense—and so does every sensible woman do to a thousand coxcombs—But they only lend them their ears—they never give them their hearts.

Count. But then your mutual vows?

Emile. Mutual—Oh, my lord, the vows were all on his side.

Count, (aside) Ah, had I but known that before.

Emile. Oh, I've no doubt he has misrepresented the whole affair—'tis just like his vanity—but the men are all alike.

Count. They must resemble each other—in admiring you.

Emile, (aside) Really, he turns his compliments very prettily.

Count. But, believe me, they would not alike do all in their power to torment you—I do know one, Emile, one humble admirer—who would have made your happiness the business as well as the pleasure of his life—who would

have adored your beauties in their freshness and never have forgotten them in their decline.

Emile. My lord, you agitate me—you excite my curiosity, yet I tremble to demand an explanation—To whom does your lordship allude?

Count. To whom can I allude but to myself.

Emile. You, my lord! is it possible?—Oh, my lord, I'm so confused—oh dear, you have made me tremble so—

Count, (aside) By heaven she yields! nay by this dear hand I must entreat some pledge that you are not betrothed to Philander—ah, your portrait.

Emile. Oh, my lord, indeed—

Count. Nay, I must have it. (*takes it and reads inscription*) "For him who has the heart of the original."

Emile. Oh, my lord, indeed, I can't. Consider should Matilda, should Philander hear.

DUET—COUNT AND EMILE.

Count. Dearest lady, pray believe me
 'Tis a faithful tongue which sues thee;
 This dear portrait, which you'll give me,
 Comes like sun-shine to my heart.

Emile. No indeed, sir, pray excuse me,
 No I cannot from it part.

Count. Why refuse me?

Emile. Pray excuse me.

Both Softly—softly—softly—hear now.

Surely—surely— $\{$ none are
 $\}$ some one's $\}$ ner now.

Emile. Oh desist now,
 No it never must be thine.

Count. I insist now;—
 Thus dear maid the portrait's mine.

Snatches the Picture.

Both. Thus successsure will crown each endeavour,
 To find that a $\{$ man is
 $\}$ woman's $\}$ untrue;

To ensure us their constancy ever,
 Oh what in the world can we do.

[*Exit Emile.*

Count. Poor Philander ! upon my word he had some cause to be jealous, I must confess, (*contemplates the picture.*) Frail, perfidious woman ! had your heart been but as faithful as the painter's hand, what an angel had been here.

Enter Philander.

Phi. Oh, Philander ! you are a devil of a fellow ; how shall I break it to the Count ? (*aside.*)

Count. concealing picture. Ah, Philander !

Phil. (*aside*) He looks thoughtful—my lord !

Count. Philander ; surely no sensible man would think an unfaithful woman worth a sigh.

Phil. Tout au contraire.

Count. And never regret her loss for a moment.

Phi. Oh, certainly not.

Count. I see, Philander, you are a philosopher ; learn, therefore, that Emile—

Phi. Emile ; what of her, my lord ?

Count. Is deceitful.

Phi. Impossible !

Count. Nay, nay ; where is your philosophy ?

Phi. Oh, (damn philosophy ! speak out; proofs, my lord—proofs !) (*Count shews portrait.*) The traitress's portrait. (*Reads inscription.*) “For him who possesses the heart of the original.” Oh, the devil take the original. The first woman was the original offender, and every woman since has been her copyist.

Count. 'Tis very like—very like, indeed ; ha, ha !

Phi. Eh ! why he is laughing at me ; but I have my revenge in my power (*takes a portrait out of his bosom*) it is, indeed, very like !

Count. Those lovely eyes of her's—

Phi. Her very nose—

Count. Those ruby lips—

Phi. That dimpled chin—

Count. That luxuriant hair—

Phi. Even the dimple upon her right cheek, and her mole on the left.

Count. What mean you ? she has no mole.

Phi. (*shewing Matilda's picture.*) Tout au contraire, my lord, she has.

Count. Matilda's portrait ! you must have stolen it.

Phi. No ; she gave it as the pledge of her preference of me, and her forgetfulness of you.

Count. Perfidious woman ! and did you dare—

Phi. Oh, no ; I only came to report progress.

Count. Then there is nothing but perfidy in the sex, and I here solemnly declare war against the whole female race.

Phi. So do I. Let us both determine to do every thing in our power—

Count. To make them love us.

Phi. and *Count.* Adore us—doat upon us, and then desert them.

Count. That I may never forget my wrongs, Philander, give me the portrait of my perfidious Matilda.

Phi. And give me Emile's, my Lord, that I may learn to despise the whole sex, by the contemplation of one so fickle and so frail.

[*They exchange portraits.*

Count. And now, war, open war, against all women. We'll quit the castle; arm ourselves with every power of intrigue—

Phi. We will, my Lord : and as a commencement of our career, as your Lordship is still unknown in the neighbourhood of the castle, suppose we, in disguise, attend the Feast of the Rose Queen, in the neighbouring village, and let our first successes be under the eyes of our false mistresses.

Count. We'll win them but to betray them ; and make, each one only another victim to our vengeance.

Phi. We will, my Lord. We'll make the whole world one universal female penitentiary. [*Exit.*

Count. (*Contemplating portrait.*) Oh, Matilda ! What a form is here ! Oh, woman, woman, how tempting, yet how destructive, is every charm with which nature has adorned thee.

SONG.—COUNT AMARANTH.

Did I try to paint temptation,
I would give it woman's form ;
Surely, since her first creation,
It has dwelt in every charm.

'Tis breath'd in all her balmy sighs ;
 In her ringlets finds a station ;
 And glancing from her speaking eyes,
 We are sure to find temptation.
 Yes—it lurks in every dimple ;
 Unconfined to dark or fair ;
 The good, the bad, the wise, the simple—
 Every woman has her share.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An illuminated apartment in the castle : garden and grounds, illuminated, seen through them ; guests dancing, &c. &c.

Matilda and Emile.

Mat. Upon my word, Emile, I almost dread the success of our experiment.

Emile. Our experiment ! call it their's. By this time, they must have compared notes, or rather portraits. Oh, how I should like to have seen their countenances at the claircissement ; for, depend upon it, in spite of all, they still love us.

Enter Anselmo.

Mat. Well, Anselmo ; why so grave ?

Emile. And why in such a hurry ?

Ans. The Count has given orders for his departure ; and he and Philander leave the castle instantly.

Mat. Quit the castle ?

Ans. Yes, they come to take their leave.

Enter Count and Philander.

Count. Anselmo, urgent affairs call me hence : you will do the honours to our guests here. Let them be served as though I were present.

Mat. My Lord—my Lord ! you surely will not leave us ?

Count. My absence is indispensable.

Emile. And you, Philander—surely, you don't go ?

Phi. Tout au contraire. I do go, I assure you.

Emile. (*Aside.*) 'Tis jealousy alone takes them hence ; we must follow them.

Mat. Nay, my Lord.

FINALE.—COUNT, PHILANDER, MATILDA, and EMILE.

Count. Nay, nor tears, nor smiles, can win me,
Here a moment more to stay;
Oh, such anger burns within me,
Smiles nor tears can ne'er allay.

Mat. Deceiver, go; I'll ne'er regret thee,
Though for ever you forget me.

Phi. To forget thee we have reason;
But we'll ne'er forget your treason.

Count. Let not tears nor smiles delay us,
Lest their sight our sense beguile;
Tears they shed but to betray us;

Treason lurks in every smile.

See all my grooms and horses ready;
To my purpose I am steady.

Mat. and Emile } This breaking heart, these eyes too,
(weeping.) } In which love's showers dwell;
And can you hear these sighs, too,
And yet exclaim farewell?

Count. Those pleading lips, those eyes, too,
Where treacherous tear-drops dwell;
Those woman's weapons—sighs, too,
Impede the word farewell.

Phi. Could we think those tongues which sue now,
And those eyes as true as fair;
Our resolves they would undo now,
But we know "Tout au contraire."

Enter Servants, with portmanteaus, &c. &c.

[*Matilda and Emile see them, and immediately turn their pleading to anger.*

Mat. and Emile } Hearts like those, who thus forsaking
(spirited.) } Love like our's, are not worth breaking;

So, deceitful man, away.

Count and Phi. } Yes, for ever now forsaking,

Those false charms, your chains I'm breaking

So, farewell, my friend, away.

Chorus. Who can have been mischief-making.
Thus to cause such quick leave-taking
Midst our Lords and Ladies, pray?

Together.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Champaigne Country.

Chorus of Gypsies.

From Afric's suns to Polar snows
 We merry gypsies roam ;
 And still, where'er the gypsy goes,
 He makes a cheerful home.

His carpet is the green—green grass ;
 His couch the greenwood tree ;
 The streamlet is his looking-glass ;
 The sky his canopy.

From Afric's suns to Polar snows
 We merry gypsies roam ;
 And still, where'er the gypsy goes,
 He makes a cheerful home.

Enter Lapsis.

Lap. Ay, ay, sing away you little gypsies—be merry
 my little star-gazers and chicken-stealers—brown pro-
 fessors of black art, whose sorcery lies at the bottom of a
 tea-cup—rejoice, for I've got permission of the mayor for
 you to enter the village, and remain till after the Feast of
 the Roses—he, he, he, ho ! but upon certain conditions.

1st Gyp. Name them.

Lap. First, that you steal no poultry from the yard of
 the mayor himself, or from that of Leoni Lapsis, widower
 and schoolmaster, and your humble servant.

Gyp. Agreed.

Lap. Secondly, that you do not prognosticate bride's favours to the young maidens, or widows' caps to married women.

Gypsies. Agreed.

Lap. And thirdly—But who are these?—Stand back ye fortune-telling squod—retire ye palm-crost gentry, and let me receive them.

Enter Anselmo, Matilda, and Emile.

Ans. Perhaps we shall gain some information here.

Lap. I flatter myself you will—I deal in information—I'm a schoolmaster, and you may have information at so much per week, month, or quarter.

Emile. Pray, Mr. Schoolmaster, have you seen two gallants pass this way?

Lap. Gallants? Well, or ill favor'd?

Emile. Neither the one or the other.

Lap. Tall or short?

Mat. Neither tall nor short.

Lap. Brown or fair?

Emile. Neither brown nor fair.

Lap. Old or young?

Mat. Neither old nor young.

Lap. A very explanatory description—neither well nor ill-favor'd—neither tall nor short—neither brown nor fair—middling people—of the middle size—and middling looking. Really, ladies, I have met no person possessed of such negative qualities.—He, he, he, ho!

Ans. But have you met any persons at all in this neighbourhood?

Lap. Now I recollect, I did meet two wandering troubadours, two regular vagrant-like looking minstrels, who asked me some questions about the Feast of the Roses.

Emile. (*to Mat.*) These are our scape-graces; these must have been the disguises they assumed at the pavilion—and which way did they go?

Lap. The way I came.

Emile. And which way may that be?

Lap. The way I'm going.

Emile. To the right or left?

Lap. Neither to the right nor left.

Mat. Is it a long way?

Lap. Neither long nor short. Come—I think I'm up to them there, he, he, he, ho ! however, ladies, to be civil—they went to the neighbouring village, to assist in crowning the Rose Queen, a festival at which I would advise you, as travellers, to be present, for it is the only day in the year set apart for the celebration of modesty and discretion in our parish. You have only to go up that lane in front, get over the mountain opposite, ford a little streamlet in the valley, not above three inches above your light taper ankles, and you're there in a moment. Sorry I can't wait to accompany you, but this is always my busy time.

[*Exit Lapsis.*

Emile. The Feast of Roses. So, so ; our scape-graces then have left us, to flirt with the pretty villagers.

Mat. We must follow them.

Ansel. (*aside*) The very village Lisette lives in.

Emile. Here, perhaps, we may find out something that will do to set off against our own apparent inconstancy ; a thought strikes me ; these good people are, doubtless, going to the festival, what say you to turning gipsy for a few hours ?

Mat. Gipsy !

Emile. Aye, and in that disguise, to watch our lovers ; Anselmo will be our protector.

Ansel. (*aside*) In this disguise I may find an opportunity of explaining myself to Lisette ; with all my heart.

Emile. Good people ; will you initiate us into the mystery of fortune-telling ?

Gipsy. We'll do any thing we're paid for.

Mat. Anselmo, give them an earnest of future payment. (*Anselmo gives them money.*) And now furnish us with the materials for our metamorphosis, and suffer us to accompany you to the festival, without betraying us.

1st Gipsy. Agreed.

Emile. But we must be queens paramount, during our residence among you. The stars must tell no tales that we do not sanction, and you must cast the horoscope of all applicants, by our eyes instead of the planets.

Gip. Agreed ! All hail to the new queen of the gipsies ! (*give disguises.*)

Emile. Thank ye, good subjects ; be but prudent, assist our project discreetly, and your whole tribe shall feast merrily.

1st Gyp. What is your project?

SONG.—EMILE.

We know these troubadours,
 Who think themselves so wise;
 They are two faithless wooers,
 Assuming this disguise.
 Their persons to endear,
 Ah! once they used such arts;
 By way of souvenir,
 We gave to them our hearts.
 Hush! 'twas but a souvenir;
 Not a word—that you've heard
 Us confess—tenderness;
 For these men,—now and then,
 May be near;
 For these men,—now and then,
 Overhear.

CHORUS.

Hush! 'twas but a souvenir;
 Not a word—that we've heard
 Us confess—tenderness;
 For these men,—now and then,
 May be near;
 For these men,—now and then,
 Overhear.

These swains they laid a snare;
 To catch us both they thought;
 But, ah! for want of care,
 In their own trap were caught;
 They fled, and wander'd here,
 Forgetful of each vow;
 By way of souvenir,
 We'd punish them just now.
 Hush! 'tis but a souvenir;
 Not a word—that you've heard
 Us confess—tenderness;
 For these men,—now and then,
 May be near;
 And these men, now and then,
 Overhear.

Hush! 'tis but a souvenir, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE H.

*Village as before.**Enter Blaise.*

Blaise. Hem ! hem ! well, I've got over the night however without either hanging or drowning myself ; I see a man can do a great deal with a little resolution ; there's nothing like plucking up a spirit when a girl's unfaithful to a man ; and yet to think now of the oaths we have sworn to each other under the cherry tree ; the looks we have given each other in our paternosters, the number of P's for Pauline that I have cut in the church yard and scratched on the inn windows with the little points turned up to make P. B. for Pauline and Blaise—I little thought those cyphers would come to nothing—It was here I saw him—'twas here he betray'd her, and tho' he did not actually mention her name, it was her cottage he pointed at, so I'm just come down to reproach her and take my leave for ever—for there's nothing like plucking up a little spirit—Eh, zounds—there's old Jerome her father—I'll get out of his way

[*Exit.*]*Enter Jerome.*

Jerome. Well, well, I've been round my grounds, and given all my workmen their holiday, and they look'd so happy, that the sight of their countenances was worth more than all they would have earned.

Enter Pierre who closes door cautiously.

oh, ho, there's neighbour Pierre ; how carefully he shuts his door ; he little thinks of that whistling whipper snapper Blaise—I should like to joke him about it

Pierre. Oh Jerome I see (*Aside.*) I've a great mind to tell him of the man I saw last night waiting for his daughter

Jerome. (*cunningly*) That's right Pierre, always lock your doors and shut your windows, and keep your daughter Lisette as close and snug as a mouse. Eh neighbour Pierre he, he, he—?

Pierre. To be sure I do, and I find the benefit of it

Jerome. (*Aside.*) 'Twould do my heart good now to tell him, only he would lead the poor girl such a life.

Pierre. (*Aside*) 'Twill be but friendly to give him a hint ;—I say, Jerome, pray for once take my advice and keep a sharp look out after that girl of yours, lock her up at night—Jerome

Jerome. Ha, ha, ha, ha, my girl! yes, yes, I will; and I say Pierre, just take my advice and keep a sharp look after your's; for your's—hem! (*Aside*) ('twas coming out) but I say nothing, your's is the pattern of prudence; pray is she fond of whistling?

Pierre. Pshaw! nonsense; mark my words, before long you'll repent, bitterly repent your indulgence.

Jerome. And mark my words, you may shut your windows, you may lock your doors, but you cannot shut a woman's heart, nor lock up her feelings (*Pauline singing within*.)

Pierre. Here comes that giggling girl of yours, and so I'll leave you.

Jerome. Giggling! and what was a woman made for but to giggle. I like her giggling; she giggled in her mother's face the moment she was born, she has giggled in mine ever since, and I hope she'll giggle in her husband's, if she gets one, as long as she lives.

Pierre. Well, well, I'll leave you to your own ways. Thank heaven, I look better after my daughter. (*aside*) I pity him for being deceived. [*Exit*.]

Jerome. Poor Pierre! he little thinks what I saw last night; little thinks how fond his daughter is of whistling. (*Enter Pauline, from house.*) Here, Pauline; Pierre, as usual, has been urging me to be more careful, and particularly advises me to lock you up at night.

Pau. Malicious old man!

Jerome. But I told him there was no occasion, for I know you have no sweetheart to come o' nights whistling and singing.

Pau. (aside) I, a sweetheart whistling and singing! oh dear, no! What can he mean? as I live there's Blaise!

Enter Blaise whistling.

Jerome. What, Blaise, you're at your old pranks again, whistling?

Blaise. There she is—a false hearted girl.

Jerome. Why don't you speak to Pauline?

Pauline, (aside) What can make him look so cross? it

was not my fault I did not come out last night, I'm sure I did all I could.

Jer. I suppose—you know who—wouldn't be jealous of a word or two, to Pauline?

Pau. (aside.) You know who! who can he mean?

Blaise. Oh, dear no, no, no.

Jerome. Oh, Blaise, you are a sly dog! I say, how does the night air agree with you? How is your voice for a whistle? I say, I must tell Pauline.

Blaise. (frightened.) Oh, no, don't! don't!

Pau. (aside.) Oh dear, yes, father, do tell me.

Jerome. Why, what do you think; I caught Blaise last night making love to—to—to whom do you think?

Pau. (confused.) I'm sure I can't tell; who was it? The traitor; *(aside.)* and, who was it? Who was it?

Blaise. Oh, dear, dear Jerome, pray don't tell!

Jerome. Yes, I will, Pauline won't blab. 'Twas to the prudent, the demure, the discreet Lisette, Pierre's daughter.

Pau. (aside.) Then her tale of the courtier was merely a blind; deceitful minx!

Blaise. Nay, neighbour Jerome. *(making signs.)*

Jerome. Yes, there I caught him waiting for her, and whistling for her, with the window open. And, after I was in bed, I heard them billing and cooing for an hour. Nay, nay, Blaise, don't be angry, Pauline won't tell; don't be alarmed, she wont tell. I can leave you together without infringing the rules of the old ladies, since Blaise has got a sweetheart already; but I charge you, Pauline, not to tell— Eh, Blaise, whistling, whistling, galivanting, cunning Blaise! *[Exit Jerome.]*

Blaise. There's not a word of truth in it, not one syllable, I only whistled for you—but 'tis no matter; I came down determined to reproach you, and quit you for ever.

Pau. Reproach me! ungrateful wretch! have I not listened to you for these six months, with the danger of losing the rose wreath, and of disobliging the best papa in the world?

Blaise. yes, and havn't you listened to another? Pauline, Pauline, when again you have two strings to your bow, don't pull them both at the same time.

Pau. Two strings! I don't understand you with your two strings.

Blaise. Oh, then there isn't a good looking—I mean an

ill looking fellow, that comes at night to your window ? and I did not catch him, I suppose ? and he did not tell me, and I didn't see him, I dare say ? Good for nothing false hearted girl ! I have cut out all the cyphers from the cherry tree, and broken every pane of glass upon which I had scratched them.

Pau. So much the better, they were but the emblems of your own brittle love ; for, I'm sure, this is nothing but an invention to excuse your own perfidy, so farewell—aye, and for ever. Oh, Lisette—Lisette, who would have thought so much deceit could have been hidden under such silence and demureness. But I see your silent people are the deepest.

[*Exit Blaise.*

SONG.—PAULINE.

The silent stream is deepest !

The babbling brook is not so deep
As the lake with glassy wave ;
Sorrows that with tear-drops weep
Seldom lead us to the grave,
The silent stream is deepest !

And thus the maid who dwells at home,
Shelter'd by the parent wing ;
Deeper feels than those who roam,
Heedless thro' the fields to sing.
The silent stream is deepest !

Pau. A false-hearted, perfidious, good-for-nothing man— I could cry my eyes out—only that he's not worth crying for—and yet I could cry too.

(*Philander and the Count seen coming down the hill.*)

Hey day ! who are these fine people I wonder ?—Strangers, I suppose, coming to the Festival. Well, I may as well dry my eyes, or they'll look red with crying—(*Sits down to work*)—and I'll sit down to work—it will look industrious.

Phil. (*Not seeing her.*) How delightful the landscape ! yes, I was born for the country, and for all its innocent pleasures. I really feel, my Lord, all the rustic virtues growing in my heart, as naturally as mushrooms in the morning. (*Sees Pauline.*) Oh, I say, my Lord, do you see that pretty peasant girl ?

Count. Yes; do you find the sight of her strengthen your virtuous resolutions ?

Phil. Tout au contraire.

Pau. (*Aside.*) They are talking about me, I do believe.

Phil. Yet, my Lord, there is such an appearance of innocence.

Count. Innocence! recollect, Philander, she is a woman—recollect our wrongs—we hate the whole sex.

Phil. I recollect—we do—the sight of a pretty face almost made me forget it though.

Pau. I'm sure they're coming nearer—my heart beats so.

Phil. Pray, my sweet girl, is it yet known who is to be the Rose Queen?

Pau. Oh, dear no, sir, but we shall all know to-morrow morning.

Count. Did they choose by beauty, I think I know the head that would wear the wreath, and the hand that would receive the dowry.

Phil. If the arbiters have any taste they'll place it here. I wish we had votes.

Pau. Oh, yes; but nobody has any votes but the old women.

Phil. Well, I never wish'd to be an old woman before, but for your sake, my pretty one.

Pau. What, sir, for my sake would you wish to be an old woman.

Phil. No—tout au contraire—for your sake!

Pau. Travelling for amusement, I suppose, gentlemen?

Count. No—for instruction.

Pau. There's Mr. Lapsis, the schoolmaster, sir; he says he deals largely in that article.

Phil. Aye, but we travel to instruct others: Will you be our pupil?

Pau. That depends upon what you will teach me.

Phil. Every thing. (*Aside to her.*)

Count. Yes, every thing. (*Aside to her.*) You had better choose me.

Phil. Tout au contraire—My dear charmer, choose me.

Pau. Really, gentlemen, you're very polite; but I'm in want of no instruction; thank ye, gentlemen.

Phil. In want of no instruction! Well done rural innocence.

Pau. Till after the election we are all obliged to be so demure, for this is such a scandalous village, that one would swear that even the very walls had ears and the winds tongues to carry every little scandalous tale, to the old ladies' committee.

Count. But I say, there will be a dance; won't there?

Pau. Oh dear, yes.

Phil. You'll be my partner for the first country-dance?

Count. No, no, mine.

Pau. Oh, don't dispute: I'll dance with both of you. But see, the gypsies are coming; and I wouldn't for the world be caught speaking to two such nice gentlemen, since nobody knows what they might think.

[*Exit Pauline.*

Enter Matilda and Emile behind.

Emile. (Aside.) So, so, my sparks; already commencing your career.

Phil. What a delightful girl! so simple too.

Count. I won't answer for her simplicity; but see, she enters the grove.

Phil. I'll follow her.

Count. No, no, I saw her first; therefore the first opportunity is mine, au revoir. [*Exit.*

Mat. Ah, my traitor, following the pretty peasant.

Emile. Follow him then. [*Exit Matilda.*

Phil. Come, this isn't a bad beginning of our adventures; a Rose Queen will be no mean conquest.

Emile. (Coming forward, and imitating an old voice.) Would my gallant Troubadour like to learn his future fate?

Phil. No, thank ye good woman, there are enough of present ills, to prevent one's sending an avant courier to bespeak relays of them on the road.

Emile. Aye, but if you will but listen to me.

Phil. Listen! no, tout au contraire. I'll talk to any body, and listen to nobody. Go your ways, old woman; I want nothing with you.

Emile. Ha, ha, ha, I dare say not; 'tis with the young ones you seem to wish to be acquainted.

Phil. You say true, good woman; and now I think of it, you may perhaps be of service; you see my

friend there is before-hand with me in the trifling affair of engaging that little cottager's heart.

Emile. What ! the girl that lives here, and who is just gone into the grove ? My art tells me she has made an impression.

Phil. She has made an impression that will last—I don't know how long.

Emile. But I do ; the traitor !

Phil. Yes, her beauty, her simplicity, her rurality, her innocence, have really had such an effect, that my heart it is absolutely worm-eaten with affection.

Emile. I'll turn it to wormwood before I've done.
(*Aside.*) Aye, but then you young men say the same things to so many.

Phil. Tout au contraire, my aged Mercury ; I have never said so before ; I have been insensible to the whole sex, till within the last quarter of an hour.

Emile. I shall never contain myself. Nay, nay, if this hand speak truth, there has been more than one lady ; aye, and more than one fine lady too.

Phil. Then my hand lies to its finger's ends ; for I hate fine ladies.

Emile. Hate fine ladies !

Phil. Yes ; animate a well-dress'd automaton with a little music and a little dancing ; enough of coquetry to imitate feeling, and sufficient art to possess none, with plenty of nonsense, and a Paris accent, and you have your fine lady all over the world—to be sure there was one—

Emile. (*Aside.*) Ho ! ho ! he has not forgotten me.

Phil. One, who seem'd to take coquetry naturally ; a flirt from her cradle upwards, whose heart and words were as light as the atmosphere she breath'd, and whose soul was perfectly classical, since the whole of it might have been contained in the form of a butterfly.

Emile. But you lov'd her ?

Phil. Tout au contraire—I jilted her.

Emile. (*Aside.*) Monster !

Phil. But never mind her ; she's no doubt running her usual course—talking with every insignificant puppy she meets.

Emile. I've no doubt she is.

Phil. Come, my ugly, old gipsy—take this purse.

Emile. (*Astde.*) The very one I work'd for him. But in what way am I to earn it.

Phil. Why you know the gentry of your tribe have great influence over the minds of village maidens. Exert a little of your cunning in my favor; tell her that in the lines of her hand you see such and such a pair of legs, describing mine; that in the stars you saw such and such a pair of eyes, describing mine; that in the bottom of a tea-cup you saw the very man who was born to be her faithful—

Emile. Oh, that I discover'd among the dregs;

Phil. No, not exactly so; only take a good survey of this elegant person; describe me exactly; now take a good look: tournure—nonchalance—ease, and all that; and above all, the most faithful heart in the world, ready to be laid at the feet of her youth, and beauty! only do me justice.

[*Exit.*]

Emile. Depend upon it I'll do you justice; I'll describe you exactly—traitor—but I'll punish you for this. The little peasant girl must be initiated in our plot—I see that their conduct is more the desperation of angry jealousy, than of natural inconstancy; and when that is the case, it is better to give the traitors a little gentle punishment and receive them again, than to discard them from our arms for ever, before we are quite certain that our hearts will concur in their ejection. (*Bells heard.*) Let those village bells but once proclaim our marriage, my good Philander, and may they toll for my funeral if I dont make ye remember this before the first year is out; those village bells; heralds alike of woe as well as joy: how many hearts have ye made happy; and of how many tears hast thou been the signal.

SONG.

Emile.

How full of joy the happy hour,
When brides their love revealing;
And village maids strew many a flower,
While village bells are pealing.
Fondly then each lover,
Will joy and smiles discover,
Happiness each bosom swells,
As gaily chime the village bells.

But ah! these sounds of joy and mirth,
 Oft change to woe and weeping ;
 When within the clay cold earth,
 Some village maid is sleeping.
 Tears and sighs discover,
 Then some anguished lover :
 How sadly sounds the village bell,
 When it tolls the maiden's knell.

[Exit]

SCENE III.

*A retired part of the Village.**Enter Anselmo as Gipsy.*

Ans. If he that serves one lady in love, leads the life of a pack horse, what must he do, who like me serves two, Lisette is so closely confined, that I cannot get at her to explain a secret which now that the real Philander is actually in the village, becomes every moment more necessary to be known ; yet, I am compelled to return to the castle by the command of Matilda to bring round every thing ready for the ecclaircissement. I have written a letter but can find no messenger to deliver it, and dare not disobey Matilda's commands.

Enter Blaise.

Blaise. Oh, dear—well, I find love just like liquor : mighty pleasant while one is getting into it, very intoxicating in its effects, but mighty disagreeable when one is getting out of it.

Ans. (*Aside.*) Ah the peasant who interrupted me last night whom I unintentionally made so jealous, perhaps he may answer the purpose.

Blaise. What a fool I was, not to break that fellow's pate last night, but I'll keep a sharp look out for him, and the very next time I meet him, I'll—(*Sees Anselmo.*) your servant Mister Gipsy, I wasn't speaking of your pate, so you need not cover it up so.

Ans. By your agitation friend you seem to want some assistance which perhaps my art may afford you.

Blaise. No, I want no more art, I have had enough of some body's art to serve me for ever.

Ans. You are jealous, friend.

Blaise. Well, so I am—you're a clever fellow to guess that at first sight.

Ans. You are jealous without a cause

Blaise. No—no—there you are out

Ans. Mark me—the man you saw last night—

Blaise. Well?—

Ans. Was no rival of your's

Blaise. Eh?

Ans. He came not to your mistress but his own.

Blaise. That's true, I thought her mine, and she was his.

Ansel. No—no; his mistress lives in the opposite house. I possess a letter which he has written to her; if you will be the bearer of it, you will find Pauline true.

Blaise. Shall I—shall I—where is it? I'd carry it to the moon. (*reading direction.*) "To Lisette." Pierre's daughter; that's a more difficult matter than you think; upon your soul as a fortune-teller—upon your honor as a gipsy—and upon your word as a gentleman, is Pauline true?

Ansel. Have I not told you of circumstances, known only to yourself and one other?

Blaise. Yes.

Ansel. Have I not discovered the true cause of your jealousy, without requiring even a hint from you?

Blaise. Yes, yes; and I'm so happy to believe it true, that I will believe it; and I'll go and make it up directly. But I say, Mr. Astrologer, I must break his pate yet, if I meet him.

Ansel. Why?

Blaise. Didn't he run the risk of taking away my sweet-heart's good name? and of cutting our true-love asunder?

Ansel. And wouldn't you, when your sweetheart's name was in danger, try to get her out of the scrape, even at the expense of another?

Blaise. (*aside.*) That's a poser, for my pointing out Lisette to old Jerome; the fellow knows every thing—well, well. I'll deliver your letter.

Ans. (*aside.*) That letter will, at least, explain that there is some mystery: I have not dared tell her my real name, lest the letter should be intercepted. Adieu, friend; I depend upon you.

[*Exit Anselmo.*

Blaise. (*looking at the letter.*) How—deliver a letter to old Pierre's daughter! That's rather a difficult matter, But I'll do it. Perhaps I may catch her angling at the stream behind her father's cottage, or keeping sheep in the home close; so either by hook or by crook I'll contrive it. Hollo, who's this?

Enter Count Amaranth.

Count. I say friend, have ye seen a little peasant girl passing this way?

Blaise. I—no, indeed ; I've nothing to do with the girls not I. (*Aside*) All the world seems after the girls of our village.

Count. She was with a little gipsy.

Blaise. I've nothing to do with little gipsies, nor with any other vagrants ; so good day, Mr. Troubadour.

[*Exit.*]

Count. Why, fellow—But I forgot; I am no longer Count Amaranth, but a simple troubadour. I have bribed that gipsy, who interrupted me, to use her art with the little peasant ; I have told her to exert her magic powers, to drive reason out of her brain ; for I find, that the moment reason enters a woman's head, love steps out of her heart.

SONG.

Once Reason, they say, a lady loved,
And tried every means to get her ;
But Reason—alas ! he very soon proved
That the lady loved somebody better :
For whenever poor Reason would knock at the door,
Intending with wisdom to court her,
“ Not at home,” was the answer for ever in store
From Cupid, her ladyship’s porter :
For woman and Reason can seldom agree,
So Cupid refused his petition ;
My mistress would turn me away, sir, said he,
If Reason once gained an admission.

The lady grew older, but Cupid did not ;
He’s as young and as fresh as the morning ;
So Reason contrived, with a sober thought,
To make the poor dame give him warning :
But Cupid, not wishing his post to resign,
Gently tapp’d, in his turn, at the door, sir ;
“ Not at home, sir,” quoth Reason, “ the lady is mine,”
So Cupid was heard of no more, sir.
Quoth Reason, delighted, “ the lady is won,
“ My empire, I see, is beginning,”
But, alas ! he soon found that when Cupid was gone,
The lady was scarce worth the winning.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

A retired part of the village.

Enter Pauline.

Pau. Well, these gipsies must deal in the black art to have so much money, and such rich clothes under their gipsy hoods. I don't think I shall be able to do all that those two pretty ones have told me though. Let me recollect, first, when the handsome troubadour, with the mustachios, (I wonder which that is) says something very tender; then I'm to give him a little encouragement;—well, that isn't very difficult; then, when the other sighs, so—I am to sigh too. Very well, I can do that;—well then, when they give me tender glances, I am to look down and blush;—well, that I'll do as well as I can; and if I do look down, they won't see whether I blush or not:—and then comes the most difficult part.—I am to get each of them to give me a portrait which they wear, and to make an appointment to meet them in my father's garden at moonlight, for which they promise, by their art, that Blaise shall become a true lover, and meet me at the same time, that I shall have the dowry, if not the rose wreath; and above all, that I shall not be found out; well, that is the best part of the story. Here come the gallants.

[*Retires.*]

Enter Count and Philander.

Count. That cursed gipsy spoiled all my attempts at an interview (*aside.*) I must not tell Philander I bribed her to assist me.

Phil. (*Aside.*) By this time I hope my little gipsy has paved the way for me. Why, Count, you wear Matilda's portrait openly.

Count. 'Tis to shew my indifference—the sun, the winds, and the rain may shine upon it, blow upon it, and beat upon it, for what I care; but you wear yours next your heart.

Phil. No, no, no nearer my heart than my waistcoat. (*Aside.*) I shall not tell him how my heart thumps the portrait for the perfidy of the original.

Count. I say, here comes our little peasant; let us approach her; there are no gipsies to interrupt us now.

(*Each seizing a hand and leading her forward.*)

Pau. Oh, dear gentlemen, how you frightened me!

Phil. (*Aside to her.*) I say, my lass, did you see the gipsy woman?

Count. (*Aside to her.*) Have any of the gipsies been saying any thing to you?

Pau. Oh yes, sir, a great deal.

Phil. In our favour of course.

Pau. Oh dear, no—not particularly.

Count. Well.

Phil. Well.

Pau. They told me to beware of two ill-conducted, dissipated, and faithless lovers.

Count. Ha! I'll pay the gipsy for this.

Phil. The devil!—well, I won't pay my gipsy for this.

Pau. They said one of them was a man of rank and riches, but deceitful, and not good for any thing.

Phil. Aye, but the other—the other—

Pau. Oh, they said the other was good for nothing.

Phil. Eh!

Count. Well, but they could not mean us—we are well-conducted people. So, my dear girl, (*Philander interrupting.*) Nay, nay, it shall be your turn next.

Phil. Well, well, I'll give you two minutes—I'll watch that the gipsies do not interrupt us.

(*Retires off to watch.*)

Count. Promise me only one interview.

Pau. Nay, nay—meet a cavalier with another's picture round his neck.

Count. Nay, I swear.

Pau. Swear—aye, so you all will; and would try to convince us that all the old moons were cut up to make stars with, if we were foolish enough to believe you.

SONG.

But think me not so foolish a maid,

To listen to aught you may swear, sir;

While round your neck I see displayed

That portrait hanging there, sir.

[*Taking hold of picture, he makes a movement of resistance.*

Nay, nay, deny me not the pleasure ;
 For I will not give ear
 To one word you say here,
 Until this you resign—

[*Taking the picture.*]

The portrait is mine ;

(*Curtseying.*)

I'll return it, fair sir, at my leisure.

Count. But you'll meet me ?

PAULINE.

Why when the moonlight spangles the lake,
 Perhaps, I may just take the air, sir ;
 The right of our garden you better take,
 And haply may find me there, sir.

Count At moonlight—on the right-hand side of the garden.

Phil. (Coming in.) I've counted a hundred and twenty, so your two minutes are up—your watch is on—(*Leads the Count up the Stage.*)

Paul. (*aside.*) I've got one of them, however, but the other seems to be more careful of his.

Phil. Now my dear, don't mind one word what he has been saying to you but—

Pau. Mind what you are going to say to me.

Phil. Yes, you see—I'm a constant kind of fellow—now he is—he is—just, just tout au contraire; so consent to grant me one little interview.

Pau. but what pledge shall I have that you will not betray me ?

Phil. My honor.

Pau. Honor, honor—Ah your honor's but a gay deceiver I'm afraid—

PAULINE.

A lover once was fain to persuade,
 No lover than he could be stricter,
 But round his neck the cunning maid
 Once found another's picture.

(*Twitching the picture from under his vest.*)

So, so—a portrait hanging here, sir ?

Not a word will I hear

While this portrait is here;

You can't be my swain

'Till I've broken this chain.

(*Bending the chain and taking the picture.*)

I'll return it to you ne'er fear, sir,

PHIL. (*speaking.*)
But I say tho' you'll meet me—

PAU.

Why when the moonlight spangles the lake,
Perhaps, I may just take the air, sir,
The left of our garden you had better take,
And haply may you find me there, sir.

COUNT. Hem ! hem ! (*comes forward.*) your time is up.
PHIL. (*to Pauline apart.*) You'll not fail me—

(Pauline to Count apart, *singing.*)
The right of our garden you'd better take,
And I haply may take the air sir.

(Taking Philander apart.)
The left of our garden you'd better take,
And haply may find me there sir.

[Exit.]

COUNT. (*To Pauline apart*) You'll remember your promise—

COUNT. Well, Philander, have you succeeded ?

PHIL. Tout au contraire—She's insensible.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) Ah, she's faithful to me—yes, these country hearts are as tough as the oaks of the forest—
(*Aside.*) now for my appointment— [Exit.]

PHIL. (*Aside.*) So—so—she has not surrendered—I have only therefore to get rid of him and keep my appointment, and prove to the Count that the hearts which he calls the hearts of oak are to me tender saplings.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Another part of the village.

Enter Jerome.

JEROME. A little cajoling devil!—a little gipsy!—gad, she is a little gipsy, and has bewitched me. I never saw such twinklers, as those black eyes of her's, in my

life; and, then, she has such a way with them, that I have not felt so queer since the last Feast of the Roses. This congress of rosy cheeks and bright eyes always revives the warmth of my old heart, and makes me young again. The little baggage promises to meet me, all alone, provided I'll just oblige her in one little favour; and that little favour is—just to arrest the two Troubadours, and put them into the village gaol; but is that doing them a favour? yes, certainly, it is, since it is providing them a night's lodging at the public expence.

Enter Lapsis.

Lap. Bailli, here's a plot—here's treason—high treason, and low treason.

Jerome. Eh!—how—treason—what's the matter.

Lap. Neither more nor less than a plot to carry off the Rose Queen, whoever she may be.

Jerome. You don't say so—by whom—when—and how?

Lap. These Troubadours. I always thought they were suspicious looking people.

Jerome. Eh!—the Troubadours.

Lap. Yes, Mr. Mayor, I saw them laying their combustible heads together this morning; but just now, as I was on one side of the hedge, and one of them on the other, I overheard them say, "Come, to begin our career with carrying off a Rose Queen, will indeed be a feather in our caps."

Jerome. We'll feather them! Begin their career! we'll finish their career!—Well now, thank heaven, I can oblige that little gipsy without hurting my conscience. So, Lapsis, I'll go and muster the gens d'armes; you collect the villagers and meet me at my cottage. Feather in their caps indeed! [Exit Jerome.

Lap. Run away with one of my pupils, indeed! when every body knows that I love my pupils as I do the apple of my eye. My pretty little souls, I should have taught them running hand to some purpose—the profligates; How I wish I had them in my school, I'd larrup a little honesty into them, I warrant me. However, I'll collect all my scholars, grown up and little ones, and attack them en masse. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Jerome's Cottage by Moonlight—Moon rises and shines upon the Trees, &c. &c. to the right and left.

SESTETTE.

Enter Blaise, coming round Cottage very cautious.

Blaise. This is the time—the gipsies rhyme
Leads me here to meet my true love.

Enter Pauline cautiously from Cottage.

Pau. Now the moon beams o'er hill and streams,
Oh, my Blaise! I'm come to you, love.

Enter Philander, stealing cautiously from Door on one side of the Garden.

Phi. What a night is this to wander;
Love and moon-shine lead Philander.

Enter Matilda and Emile.

Mat. and Emile. Now around their haunts we'll hover,
All their falsehood we'll discover,
And their jealousy defy.

Enter Count, stealing down the opposite side of Garden to Philander.

Count. Now to swear I'm faithful to her;
Oaths and flattery will undo her.

Mat. No—no—no—no, that I deny.

Emile. Yes—yes—yes—yes, and so do I.

Phi. I think I hear—

Why some one's coming;
Who goes there? where are you roaming?

Mat. and Emile. Ah, what falsehoods, ah, what arts
Now dwell within such faithless hearts.

Mat. 'Tis the Count—I know his voice.

Emile 'Tis Philander—make no noise.

Count. Ah me! I hear that voice so sweet,
I pray, the signal sound repeat.

Count and Phi. Say where—say where—say where, my
dear;

On the right, my love, I'm here.
left,

Blaise. Who's there, who's there, who's there, my dear?
Sure there is some intruder near?

Mat. and Emile. They're there, they're there, they're
caught, my dear;

Away, away, away from here!

Pau. Tis true, they're there, they're caught, Oh dear!
'Tis nothing Blaise to you—Who's here?

(*Matilda, Emile, Blaise and Pauline retire—
Philander and Count come forward feeling.*

Count. Where are you?

Phi. Here. (*Count and Philander take each others hands.*)

Count. Pshaw! I took you for the girl.

Phi. And, tout au contraire, I took you for her—

Count. Hush! here's some one coming.

Phi. Now, my lord, fair play.

Count. The first that meets her shall not be interrupted.
She told me she would come to the right.

Phi. She told me tout au contraire.

[*They retire to right and left; Blaise and Pauline
come forward.*

Blaise. And you really are true, Pauline?

Pau. And you don't care for Lisette?

Count. (*Aside.*) Confusion! Philander has met her.

Phi. The devil take the minx! the Count has caught
her.

Blaise. I'm as true as the thorn to the gooseberry bush;
and by this kiss, will never be jealous again.

[*Kiss overheard by Count and Philander.*

Count. Zounds! I can bear it no longer.

Phi. He's making progress. I must interrupt them.

[*Blaise and Pauline retire, as Philander and the
Count come forward and meet.*

Count. Why, where's the girl?

Phi. Nay, my Lord.

Count. Why, she was with you?

Phi. Tout au contraire.

[*Blaise, Pauline, Matilda, and Emile, laugh.*

Zounds! we're fooled.

Enter Jerome, Lapsis, Matilda, Emile, Peasants, Gens d'armes, &c. &c.

Jerome. Seize them—seize them, in the name of the Count, and of the Seignury.

[*Count and Philander seized.*]

Count. Seize us—for what? Hands off, scoundrels! Upon my word, this is very pleasant.

Phi. Tout au contraire.

Lap. Keep them tight. What, you'd run away with the Rose Queen, would you? Hold them fast.

Count. Do you know who I am, fellows?

Phi. We are not what we seem to be. Tout au contraire—tell them, my Lord.

Jerome. Oh, we know that very well: we don't know who you are; but we know that you intend to impose upon our ignorance, by saying, that you are the great and good Count Amaranth, and his friend. (*Aside.*) The gipsy told me that.

Count. Well, rascals?

Jerome. Rascal! I'm the Mayor, for which, and for other delitos, and peccadilloes, I, as Mayor, in the name of the said Count, order you into the village gaol, there to remain, till after the Feast of the Roses, and till his Lordship's pleasure is known.

Phi. Oh, his Lordship's pleasure has nothing to do with this.

Jerome. Away!

CHORUS.

Away, away ; no more delay ;
We'll not hear what you can say ;
We can here no longer stay ;
Soldiers, bear them hence away.

Count and Philander.

Hear, oh hear, what we can say ;
Yet a moment more delay ;
Nay, a moment longer stay ;
Bear us not so soon away. .

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The Feast of the Roses.

**Jerome, Pauline, Matilda, Emile, Gipsies, Peasants,
male and female, &c. Count and Philander are seen
through prison bars.**

Dance of Peasants.

*The wreath of roses carried round in procession. During the
dance, the Count and Philander express impatience,
and kiss their hands to the girls.*

Lap. Now, away to my school room, to join all the matrons and little boys, to proclaim the name of the Rose Queen. [Exit Peasants, &c.

Jerome. That's right; keep it up, my jolly men and maids, and then bring down the Rose Queen to my cottage, where, as Mayor, I'll crown her, and give her the dowry, and a kiss into the bargain.

Count. Upon my soul, we're in a very pleasant situation.

Phi. Tout au contraire. These malicious magistrates to give their balls close to the gaol, for the benefit of the prisoners.

Jerome. As for you, gentlemen of the gaol, Lapsis will immediately send to the Count, to know, whether you shall be tied to a tree, and turned off, or whipped, and discharged.

Lap. If the latter should be your fate, I shall really regret the decease of poor Mrs. L., who was always the whipper-in of my school. [Exit.

Count. (To Philander.) Which would you like?

Phi. Oh, you know, you have the choice.

Pau. Well, gentlemen, I was very sorry I could not have the pleasure of dancing with you, according to agreement; but you know it was not my fault.

[*Exit Pauline.*

Emile, as old voice. (*To Philander.*) What would the great lady say, now, to the gallant who jilted her?

Phi. They'll put me in a gaol fever presently.

Count. I'll hang every gipsy in my dominions.

Phi. And I'll be Jack Ketch.

Jerome. Catch ! I'll catch you. Gens d'armes, we shall want your assistance at the fête; you will, therefore, go in, and lock these gentlemen vagrants up in the inner room, till all is over.

Phi. Till all is over! Is he talking of their fête, or ours? Ye may safely trust us upon our parole of honour, when you have such security for its performance as these iron bars.

Jerome. In—in, I say.

Phi. Out—out, I say. But—

Jerome. Not a word—do your duty—gen's d'armes—(*present their arms.*) and run them thro' the body if they resist.

Phil (*putting aside the bayonet.*) Tout au contraire

(*Count and Philander follow the gens d'armes out.*)

(*Emile.* (*To Mat.*) I think they are pretty well punish'd by this time, so Matilda, you steal away from our companions and join Anselmo at the rendezvous—

Mat. I will, I shall then resume my dress and equipage, and arrive at the feast of the roses en Comtesse.

[*Exit.*

Emile. En Comtesse—that is to be, that is if the Count remain in the same mind after the gaol delivery—

(*Jerome comes forward.*)

oh, heres my old beau—I really think there must be something in the atmosphere of this village congenial to flirtation.

Jerome Well my little sorceress—you see I've caged the birds—

Jerome. well, and now—

Emile. Well, and now—

Jerome. Yow know you promised me one little kiss of those lips, which I see every now and then pouting thro' your hood like berries from a holly branch, ye little wandering venus.

Emile. A wandering venus—but it is contrary to nature for venus to be a fix'd star, you know, and I who read the planets can see no conjunction at present between ursa-major and venus.

Jerome. Well, never mind the major—never mind the planets; only look in the glass and read your own eyes instead of the stars—come, come, you know you have bribed me with a promise.

Emile. Depend upon it, that those who bribe only with promises seldom think of their performance, after the purposes for which they have made them are answer'd.

Jerome. Come now, this is all nonsense.

Emile. But remember, you are a magistrate.

Jerome. Yes, but there's nobody by.

Emile. But suppose any one should see, and tell how you committed yourself.

Jerome. Why then I should commit them—(*takes her hand.*) what a pretty little hand—I say, do you know I have been thinking seriously that you had better quit this vagrant kind life; 'tis so immoral, and so bad for the complexion, and then you might live in the little cottage there at the bottom of the village, and then I'd just drop in now and then—to see you and take a cup of tea.

Emile. And so you have been thinking all this seriously—Ah! you know that sweet words have the power to win us poor women.

SONG.—EMILE.

Ah! you know sweet words impart,
Pleasure to this maiden heart;
You think it soft, I know it true,
But this heart is not for you.

Lira la, lira la.

“ Maids, you say, can ne'er do amiss,
“ And lips that are rosy are made but for this;
‘ My lips must do what others do,
“ But those lips are not for you.

Lira la, lira la.

Diamonds were not half so bright
 As these eyes, you swore last night:
 The diamond's made for cutting, too,
 So pardon me for cutting you.

Lira la, lira la.

[Exit.]

(Jerome watches her off.)

Enter Blaise.

Jerome. The little jade, the pretty pernicious little jade!

Blaise. (aside.) Our worthy mayor having a flirtation with a gipsy.—So, so.

Jerome. (turning round.) So Blaise; how do you, Blaise? I hope he did not see me. I was just, you see, giving that little gipsy a sort of a lecture on her vagrant kind of life

Blaise. Oh,—just advising a settlement in our parish, I suppose—he, he, he, he, he! I say, Jerome, you're a sly old fellow I say—'tis in you still, I see.

Jerome. (with vehemence, after an endeavour to suppress it.) It is, Blaise, and I can't drive it out—Curse me if I can!

Blaise. He, he, he! You wear well—I hope I shall wear as well as you.

Jerome. Wear! I don't wear at all.—But not a word about the gipsy.

Blaise. I wont, Mr. Mayor, if you'll do me a favor.

Jerome. What is it?

Blaise. Why you know old Pierre's door is shut against every man under a certain age.

Jerome. And what may you call a certain age?

Blaise. Why somewhere about sixty—now as you know I am not quite sixty.

Jerome. And as you know I am.

Blaise. If you would but just deliver a little bit of a letter—

Jerome. A little bit of a letter?

Blaise. Yes—to L isette.

Jerome. Young man, I'm the Mayor.

Blaise. So you were just now, when you were talking to the gipsy.

Jerome. Hem!

Blaise. And as a mayor you ought to do every thing for the happiness of the Count's subjects.

Jerome. Well—

Blaise. And I assure you, good Jerome, that the delivery of this letter will make four people happy, and do harm to nobody.

Jerome. Four people happy? Blaise I'll do it!

Blaise. Ah, ah! Good natured Jerome! I knew that was your blind side.

Jerome. No such thing, for one can never call that the blind side of a man which sees his own happiness clearest by promoting the happiness of others. [Exit.

Blaise. Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! I've turned the mayor into a postman—who would have thought I should ever have made old Jerome deliver a love letter, ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Inside of the prison. Count and Philander. Philander attempts to wrench out one of the bars of the window.

Phi. So, so; one might as well attempt to eradicate coquetry and deceit out of a woman's heart, as extract this iron from the stone wall.

Count. Come, come, give over your labour; why you've been this hour at it.

Phil. Your lordship should recollect, that I am only an extempore blacksmith.

Count. Tis really quite laughable.

Phil. Laughable—tout au contraire. Suppose, that not finding your lordship at the castle, these country boobies should take upon themselves the responsibility of hanging or whipping us. Very laughable, certainly, to see your lordship like one of the medals on the pedigree at home, pendant from one of your family branches in a field azure without supporters; and poor Philander with a whipping post in his arms.

Count. Well, certainly, our situation is very disagreeable.

Phil. Tout au—oh, I beg your pardon; you are quite right for once. hurra, my lord, hurra.

Count. Have you succeeded?

Phil. Yes, in removing one bar, and there goes another.

Count. But still the opening is too small.

Phil. Oh, for such a great man as you ; you great men little think how often we smaller gentry are put to the pinch to get into places which you promise us, or to get out of scrapes which you lead us into.

Count. Really, 'tis too high.

Phil. Yes, for your highness, but not for me : your scarf, my lord ; your scarf (*Tie scarf's together*) Now for a dangle and a drop, and I am off. The absence of the gens d' armes facilitates our escape ; I will fly to the castle, or try to convince some reasonable person in the village who we are, and return, as Damon did to Pythias, or Pythias to Damon, I don't know which, just in time to prevent your lordship from being hanged. Hold fast, my lord (*drops to the ground from window.*)

Count. Thank heaven, then, there's some chance of our escape. (*Horns heard*) Ha ! my huntsmen on their native hills, enjoying the mountain breeze at liberty, while their lord is immured in prison. Oh, liberty, liberty ; I find that thy value is never known so well till we are deprived of its blessings.

SONG.

Hark ! I hear the bugles ring :
 'Tis freedom gives the huntsman glee ;
 What makes the lark so blithely sing
 Thro' fields of air ?—'Tis Liberty !

What enjoyment of our life
 Equals that of being free ?
 What care we for worldly strife,
 If we have but—Liberty ?

Woman's wrong to use her spell,
 To chain us to her destiny ;
 We cannot love her half so well
 As when we love at—Liberty ?

What patriot heart will ever yield
 His freedom up to tyranny ?
 What cry gives courage in the field ?
 'Tis "à la mort" for—Liberty !

SCENE III.

Inside of Pierre's Cottage.

Enter Lisette.

Lis. Still, still, no tidings of my husband ; I have no doubt that he has sent some messenger to the village, though the strictness with which I am watched, prevents the delivery of the message ; my father is gone to discover if he can learn the name of the Rose Queen ; he has set his heart on my being elected ; he little knows how I have forfeited my claim to the title ; heaven grant my secret may not be discovered time enough to prevent it.

[*Exit Lisette into room.*]

Jerome. (*Looks through window.*) Hist ! hist ! Lisette ! I'll whistle, and she'll think it Blaise. (*Whistles off, and enters door.*) I suppose that is'nt the tune—however her father is in the village ; I'll venture in—Hist, Lisette ! why she is out too—(*Looking at letter.*) So, so, old Jerome delivering a love letter—a magistrate turned Mercury—well, 'tis mighty droll ; now when I made love, there was no occasion for letters—Says I, plumply, “ Pauline, I love you ;” on which she said, plumply—no, no, not plumply, but softly —“ Jerome, I love —you—.” Upon my soul, Blaise writes a pretty hand ; what a good town clerk he'll make when Lapsis is gone. (*Trying to look in.*) Um—um—love—mystery—secret—and discovery—aye, there's the whole history of love all the world over.

Enter Pierre—Jerome hides letter.

Pierre. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Joy, joy, to my old heart ; my child is elected ; now she has deserved it, she shall taste the pleasure of a father's smile ! Ah ! old Jerome, are y outhere ?

Jerome. (*A little confused.*) Why, yes, I am (*aside.*)

Curse me if I don't feel a little foolish. Yes, Pierre, I am here—that is, I was—you see, just going—

Pierre. (Aside.) Poor Jerome! I half pity him, though he is so foolish. Well, Jerome, have you seen Lisette? He must have received some intimation of it by his looks.

Jerome. No; I've not seen her—(aside)—'tis the first time I ever had a secret in my life; and curse me if I know how to keep it. What can make him look so happy?

Pierre. I say, Jerome, have you heard who is the Rose Queen?

Jerome. No; it is'nt to be reported this half hour.

Pierre. But have you no secret intimation?—no hint? no surmise?—no buzz?

Jerome. Hint—surmise—buzz—no—have you?

Pierre. (Exultingly.) 'Tis Lisette, Jerome! 'tis Lisette!

Jerome. Your daughter?

Pierre. Yes, my old neighbour, my daughter—now acknowledge the prudence of my system—the folly of yours—I must triumph, neighbour Jerome, and I do it charitably, because it will teach you to be wise in future.

Jerome. (gradually becoming warm.) Zounds! I can't suffer this—this is too much, even for the good nature of old Jerome.

Pierre. Come, come, neighbour Jerome, bear up—bear up, and learn wisdom from experience—I'm sorry for you, believe me.

Jerome. (Becoming warm.) No, no—this is too much; 'tisn't justice to suffer my daughter to be deprived of her rights, when a word—a breath—a bit of paper, would restore them to her.

Pierre. What say you?—your daughter's rights?—Does she derive them from dances, and fairs, and gambols, while mine has won her's by modesty and retirement?

Jerome. By modesty, and retirement, and whistling—yes, whistling—by whistling.

Pierre. What do you mean, Jerome?

Jerome. Mean!—what do I mean?—why I mean—(aside.)—no, no—I won't tell—I mustn't do that—only—only—you see, neighbour Pierre, I can't help thinking

my girl quite—quite as good as your's; to be sure, she does not go out at night—she does not like whistling, and all that.

Pierre. Come, come, Jerome, this is all envy—malice.

Jerome. Envy—malice—oh, yes—'tis all envy—all malice; (*fumbling for the letter.*) nothing else—nothing else, but envy, malice, and whistling.

Pierre. What's that paper? (*Seizing the letter.*)

Jerome. 'Tisn't your's—'tisn't your's. Give it me, Pierre—'tisn't for you.

Pierre. "To Lisette."—*Dashes it open, and reads.*—
(*With repressed feeling.*) Where did you get this letter?

Jerome. Why, if I must tell—from Blaise; he has long been a lover of Lisette's. I caught him whistling, last night, under your window. (*Observing the severity of Pierre's countenance.*) But, come, come, now—don't be so severe—he's a good young man, and we'll all promote his interest—you see what a hand he writes: we'll give him Lapsis's place, when the poor man's gone. Come, now, you mustn't scold the girl.

Pierre. (*With repressed feeling.*) Neighbour Jerome, I thank you for your information, though it has turned the joy of my heart into bitterness. I should have thanked you more, if you had not undertaken such a commission.

Jerome. Why, zounds! neighbour Pierre, your severity made your daughter the pity of every one in the parish; and I don't believe there was one that would have refused doing the same kind office, either for her or for her lover.

Pierre, (*With repressed feeling.*) Kind office!

Jerome. I'm afraid I've done mischief here—this comes of being too good-natured. Why the devil must I turn Mercury? Come, come, Pierre—brush up, man—come to the Feast of the Roses—don't abuse my system—don't triumph too much, and the whole shall remain a secret, though Pauline should lose the prize.

{*Exit Jerome.*

Pierre. He did not see my agitation—a secret? no, no; my girl shall never wear an honour she does not deserve. Lisette, there! (*looking at the letter.*) Blaise,—no, no,—this is no rustic hand—this is some courtly seducer, some more vile, because more high betrayer. Lisette, I say!

Lisette enters.

Lis. Here, father.

Pierre. (*With repressed feelings, which gradually rise to violence.*) Father! yes, I feel I am thy father. (*With repressed feelings.*) Lisette, I've been in the village—I heard intelligence that made my old heart bound with a joy it had not experienced since your birth, when I first felt the father grow within me. (*She attempts to speak.*) Silence! hear me to the end. I heard your name buzzed from every lip, with praises, as the Rose Queen. In that sound, I found the fruit of all my cares; and in the pride of my heart, I came home to smile upon and bless thee. Silence, I say. I came with a heart beating with joy—it is now bursting with agony. Read that letter.

[Lisette sees the letter, and sinks on her knees.

Do you know that hand?

Lis. Pardon—pardon.

Pierre. Tell me the writer.

Lis. 'Tis my husband.

Pierre. Husband! Read—read—read; or if your young eyes are dimmed by tears, let your aged father's, that are too hot and old to shed them, now perform that office for you. Mark ye—he says here, that he has to entreat your pardon for a mystery—pardon from a woman he has ruined!—that he has to make a discovery—that you are not to be alarmed at hearing of his marriage with another—that all shall be explained at the next interview.

Lis. Oh, father, father, indeed he is my husband.

Pierre. Why was he not so publicly? Is the name of husband, when coupled with a virtuous woman, a disgrace?

Lis. But his rank—

Pierre. Rank! Does the eagle stoop to the smaller bird with any other intention than to devour it? Why was it a secret to me?

Lis. Your severity—

Pierre. Severity! it was kindness. Girl, girl, do you suppose a father's heart is unfeeling, because his face may wear a frown? You see you are deserted. The villain—

Lis. Oh, call him not so; he is my husband.

Pierre. Where are your proofs?

Lis. Alas! he is possessed of them all; but I can firmly rely on his honour.

Pierre. Honour! honour among men means blood.
A man's honour is but a frail staff for a woman to lean upon, when she has lost her own. But tell me his name—nay, I will have no denial. The name, I say! or I shall curse thee—

Lis. No, no, no: hold! 'tis Philander.

Pierre. Philander, the Count's friend, famous, or rather infamous for what the court calls gallantry, but which truth designates profligacy. I do not wonder, my child, that you fell a victim to his arts; but I will follow this Philander to the foot of the throne. If there be justice in the land, I will have it, and if justice be refused me, I will seek revenge. Away, away, girl.

[*Exit Pierre, Lisette following.*

SCENE IV.

Village.

Enter Philander.

Phil. Well, thank heaven, I've escaped from that abominable prison, and to prevent my being cooped up again, I must really find out some reasonable person to whom I can make myself known as Philander, the Count's friend; for till I prove myself a respectable person, I find myself treated tout au contraire.—Ah, here comes a reasonable-looking man; I'll discover myself to him.

Enter Pierre from cottage.

Pierre. I'll instantly to the castle; I'll demand justice of the Count.

Phil. Sir—

Pierre. Oh, girl, girl! could you suppose a parent's heart insensible!

Phil. (*aside*) Oh! a gentleman of sensibility; he is the very man to sympathise with my situation.—If you would allow me, sir—

Pierre. Sir, I cannot be detained.

Phil. But sir, I must detain you a moment, to prevent my being detained for a longer period; you seem a respectable person.

Pierre. I was, sir; but that's past. I have business—business of the heart, sir; I've pressing business, sir.

Phil. Why mine's pressing business ; I'm afraid of been kidnapped. Only just hear me one moment, just to convince you that I am really Philander.

Pierre. What ! Philander, the Count's friend ?

Phil. Yes, my dear fellow, the very same.

Pierre. Then you're a villain.

Phil. A villain !

Pierre. A villain ! but I'll be calm—calm as a father's rage will let me.

Phil. The poor man's mad !

Pierre. Look ye, sir, I'm a poor man—

Phil. I'm sorry for it.

Pierre. You, no doubt, are rich.

Phil. Tout au contraire.

Pierre. And perhaps think, that the proud, the rich and powerful, have a right to trample on the humble and the poor.

Phil. No ; upon my soul, I don't.

Pierre. But to the point : Sir, you have injured me ; and when the great injure the less, they reduce themselves to the same level.

Phil. Injured you ?

Pierre. Yes, sir, in the tenderest point. Will you do my daughter justice ?

Phil. Do your daughter justice ! Upon my word, old gentleman—

Pierre. Answer in one word ;---say *yes* ; and I fall at your feet to bless you ; or say boldly *no*, and openly proclaim your villainy.

Phil. In one word, I can't answer you in one word ; I don't even know you.

Pierre. True, true ; I forgot that you might not know my person. I am the injured Lisette's father.

Phil. Lisette's father ! Who the devil is Lisette ?

Pierre. Yes, I'm that injured girl's father ; if she says truth, the father of your wife.

Phil. My father-in-law !

Pierre. Do you hesitate ?

Phil. Tout au contraire. I don't hesitate at all ; I tell you, old gentleman, I know no Lisette—hav'n't the name on my list.

Pierre. 'Tis as I thought then ; my daughter is deserted, betrayed ; and you are one of those villains who would play with a woman's heart as with a toy, to be

thrown by or broken at your capricious pleasure. But I will appeal to the Prince ; think not yourself secure, though you are rich. The arm of vengeance is long, and shall reach you, though your rank is high. I will demand justice for my daughter ; nay, approach me not, lest my youthful blood should again rush into my arms, and I should sell thee to the earth.

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Justice to his daughter ; well, I have no recollection of such a passionate papa in the whole course of my adventures.

[*Exit into Jerome's cottage.*

Enter Lisette, from house.

Lis. Oh, sir, which way is he gone?

Phil. What ! the old gentleman ! Why he's gone from where I came ; I believe to the Castle ; pretty far gone too.

Lis. To the castle ? and you come from the castle—? perhaps you can tell me whether it is true that Philander is on the point of marriage.

Phil. Why, he was yesterday

Lis. And with some lady of the court—

Phil. Yes, certainly—

Lis. Then I am indeed deceived—cruel, cruel Philander, to deceive the innocence that trusted thee ; to break the heart of her that loved thee—cruel Philander—

Phil. Cruel Philander ! she'd find me tout au contraire if she knew me better ; curse me if I can move one step without meeting a reproach—I suppose the very trees will attack me presently ; well, they may talk of the quiet of a country life—of rural retirement—but hang me if one ever meets with such disagreeable occurrences in the metropolis—Eh—zounds—here's that factotum of the village—the meddler that popp'd us into prison, I must get out of his way or I shall be cooped up again.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lapsia.

Oh, dear ; what a thing it is to be a man of business, and to mingle business with pleasure as I do ; I declare I havn't been so busy since poor Mistress L.'s funeral—my poor departed wife—she was very fond of children, used to bang the little boys about so, all for their good, little urchins—she never had any of her own—I had one—but

that was a natural Lapsis, and then she could never bear the sight of him—poor Mrs. L.! talking of carrying off—carried her off first and a cough carried her off afterwards.—(*Bell heard.*) Aye, there they go—ring away—I always have had an affection for the sound of those bells ever since they paid the parting tribute of respect to the deceased Mrs. L.;—before that period she was L. by herself L.—but ever since it has been I—by myself—I.

SONG.

I had liv'd and couldn't fix
On a wife till thirty six,
In youth I was so very shy;
Papa he was in haste,
That of marriage I should taste;
For the matter of that—so was I.

So I thought with Mrs. L.,
Who was then a village belle,
My fortune I would surely try;
Oh, will you be my bride?
I am ready, sir, she cried;
Says I, my sweetest love—so am I.

But for want of children we
Never had a family,
For which Mrs. L. she would sigh;
So she took a little school,
And to follow such a rule,
For the matter of that—so did I.

But neither girls nor boys
Ever equall'd the noise
Of poor Mrs. L.: so the fry
Had a terrible fear,
When her tongue they were near,
And for matter of that—so had I.—

But, alas, one summer's day,
She talk'd her breath away,
And when the breath is out, one must die,
'Tis pity, yet, 'tis true,
And alas! just so must you;
For the matter of that—so must I.

The defunct Mistress L.,
 As the tombstones will tell,
 Now rests for a time quietly ;
 And ever since the cough,
 That took my poor wife off,
 For the matter of that—so have I.

SCENE V.

(Inside of Jerome's Cottage: a sort of open Portico with the Champaine Country, seen thro' practical Arches at the back—a Staircase leading to practical Door of Pauline's Apartment.)

Pau. Dear, dear, what a time these old women are, I'm sure I dont much care whether it is myself or Lisette that is elected, for the gipsies have promised me a dowry at all events—but only to think of Lisette; the demure and prim Miss Lisette—Ah—I always suspect the grave and silent maids are much deeper than those who are rattles, who say ever thing which comes uppermost as I do; tho' it were the greatest secret of the heart.

Enter Philander.

Phi. Ha! that little devil of a peasant—now if I can but prevail upon her—I say, you little devil songstress will you make up for yesterday?

Pau. Make up for yesterday—why we didn't quarrel did we?—oh! dear there's my papa—

Phi. Then I'm in for it again to a certainty.

Pau. Oh dear; if he catches me talking to you alone—

Phi. You will never be Rose Queen—so hide me somewhere?

au. Hide you—I've no place to hide you

Phil. Oh, I can stuff myself any where—squeeze myself into a clock case without setting the pendulum a going—any where to keep outside of the confounded iron bars.

Pau. Oh dear what shall I do—

Phi. Here—I can go here—(*running up stairs and opening the door.*)

Pau. Oh, no, no, no, that's my apartment;

Phi. Never mind—we've no choice.

Pau. If you're discovered I shall be ruined

Phi. (*Shutting the door*) No you won't—tout au contraire. (*Exit into Apartment.*)

Enter Jerome.

Jerome. So, so, you little cunning baggage I find that you have been deceiving me, and that you have been flirting with the Troubadours.

Pau. Deceiving you?

Jerome. Yes, yes, you must be whistling at night too—however 'tis my turn to lock up now, and lock you up I will too; so into your apartment.

Pau. Into my apartment! but father—there's—there's—Oh lock me up anywhere else—

Jerome. In, in—I say—(*pushes her into the Apartment and locks the Door.*)—these girls, these girls: they're like quicksilver; no keeping them quiet except at the looking glass.

[*Horn heard without.*

Enter Blaise.

Blaise. Oh, Mr. Mayor; there's the Count and Countess, and Lords and Ladies, and running footmen and riding footmen.

Jerome. Oh, they are come, are they? Give me my robe and staff. (*Blaise helps him on with his robe and staff.*) Is Lapsis gone to bring up the prisoners?

Blaise. He is; I saw him marching at the head of the gens d'armes, as stiff as a pea-shooter.

Jerome. Here they are; stand aside, stand aside.

Enter Matilda, Emile, and Anselmo, in their own dresses, with the Castle Servants, &c. &c.

[*Jerome and Blaise stand bowing.*

Jerome. Welcome, gracious ladies—welcome to our humble village.

Mat. The Count, good mayor, will be here presently, have the goodness therefore to bring up the two prisoners, who we understand you have reserved for his judgment.

Enter Lapsis with the Count, guarded by Gens d'Armes.

Jerome. Here they are, my lady.

Lap. Yes, most gracious lady, at least, here's one

of them, the other has added to his offence by delapidating the parish prison. But here, my lady and lord, is the most audacious prisoner that ever was imprisoned,

Emile. (aside.) So, so, my bird is flown.

Count. Matilda, many thanks for this.

(*Jerome, Blaise, and Lapsis stand astonished.*)

Jerome. Matilda, stop his mouth with a musket.

Lap. Matilda! was ever such a—(*approaching him*) why, scoundrel, do you know who you're talking to?

Mat. (*coming forward.*) Yes my lord, we were acquainted by Anselmo with your plot, but truants as you have been, we could not bear the idea of your wearing any other bonds than ours.

Jerome. My lord!—why Lapsis! The Count himself!

Jerome, Blaise, and Lap. My lord. (*bowing.*)

Count. Enough, my friends, I forgive you.

Lap. I feel as foolish as tho' I was flogged by one of my own birches, by one of my own boys.

Emile. and so my lord, my truant, as usual, has broken his bounds—no fetters can confine him. Pray where may he be?

Count. Still, I should think, in the village.

Ansel. Allow me, my lord, to seek him, I know the village well—(*as he is going out.*) at length I shall be able to seek Lisette and explain all. [*Exit.*]

Blaise. Hang me if I don't think that's the man that made me so jealous of Pauline.

(*Huzzas heard without—and Peasants are seen coming in distant procession, bearing a Wreath of Roses with a Flag bearing the name of "Lisette."*—*Music.*)

Lap. Here they come.

Jerome. Yes, my lord, here they come, and I trust your lordship will condescend to crown our Rose Queen?

Count. With all my heart.

(*Enter Peasants, who arrange round the Stage so as to leave Pauline's door open to view.*)

Jerome. (*as the Flag enters.*) Ha! 'tis Lisette I see,—well, well, it will comfort Pierre.

Enter Pierre dragging in Lisette.

Peasants. All hail to Lisette, the Rose Queen!

Pierre. Silence, neighbours!—Silence.—My daughter has forfeited her claim to that title.—Where's the Count?

Count. Here friend—What would you?

Pierre. Justice, for a poor deceived betrayed girl.—Justice for an injured father.

Count. Who is the offender?

Pierre. Speak, girl—speak for yourself.—Name the man you call your husband.

Lis. Philander.

Mat. and Emile. Philander!

Pierre. Yes, Philander—By all the laws of heaven, he is my daughter's husband.

Emile. Your daughter's husband? Your husband, girl?

Lis. Oh, indeed he is!

Count. She has been deceived—she speaks in error; Emile, be not too hasty.

Emile. My lord, my lord, I could have forgiven him his drawing room flirtations—I could have forgiven his coquetting with coquettes, but the man who could deceive an innocent and confiding girl, who could betray a heart that trusted him, should be discarded from the breast of every true woman without a sigh. (*to Lisette.*) You shall have justice, girl.

Pierre. Jerome, the Rose Wreath is Pauline's.

Peasants. (shout.) Pauline for ever!

Jerome. Thank ye neighbours.—You see altho' I did indulge her a little, that she never lost sight of discretion; even now she retired voluntarily to her own apartment to avoid publicity. (*approaching door.*) Pauline, my love, come and receive the congratulations of your neighbours. (*ascends the stairs and slyly unlocks the door.*) They must not suppose I locked her up.

(*Throwing open the door, Philander comes forward, and Pauline discovered.—A general surprise.—Blaise shews jealousy and runs to Pauline.*

Eh, what!—Why how the devil came you locked up there? (*runs and separates Blaise and Pauline.*)

Phil. Why, you lock'd us up.

Pau. Ye know I told you not; but you would do it.

Emile. Another! double traitor; come and acknowledge your wife.

Enter Anselmo, who stands so as to place Philander between himself and Lisette.

Phil. My wife!

Emile. Yes, your wife, Philander.

Lis. (*Seeing Anselmo.*) Philander, my husband.

Phil. Eh, what the devil! (*Rushes forward—Philander draws back, and Anselmo receives her in his arms.*)

Count, Mat. and Emile. How, Anselmo?

Ans. Yes, my Lord; you see before you my wife, my lawful wife, who joins me now in entreating your pardon for having disposed of my hand without your consent, and yours, Philander, for having assumed a name which I had known to be too redoubtable among the ladies ever to fail.

Phil. So, I am to forgive the offence for the sake of the compliment; this is the modest—the cold and silent Anselmo. Pray, sir, may you have done me the favor to provide me a wife in any other of the neighbouring villages?

Ans. This is my first and only offence.

Phil. Poor fellow! 'tis hard to be tied up for a first offence too.

Count. Pierre, you must forgive your daughter this first disobedience.

Pierre. (*Comes over and joins them.*) There, there—bless ye, bless ye.

Count. Their fortunes will be my care; Philander, our ladies had heard, through Anselmo, of our plan, and punished us by making it apparently successful.

Phil. Anselmo again, upon my soul—

Emile. Philander, for a moment I thought you guilty, and discarded you; though, I confess, with a heart—aching—that—that—

Phil. That I hope you're taking me back will cure.

Emile. No; with a heart-ache that none of your sex is worth; however, all is now forgotten and forgiven. (*To Count.*) My Lord, I'll trouble you for my portrait.

Count. I—I—I—gave it to Philander.

Mat. Philander, I'll trouble you for mine—

Phil. I—I—I—gave it to the Count.

Emile. Well, then, return them to us.

(*Count and Philander appear confused and make signs to Pauline.*)

Phil. No, no, we can't part with them. Can we, my Lord?

Count. Oh, no; they are too precious.

Phil. No, no, till the originals themselves are ours, the copies shall remain next our hearts. (*Aside.*) Come, we have come off pretty well.

[*Matilda and Emile hold up the pictures.*

Emile. Next your hearts! Ah, ha, traitors!

Phil. Fairly caught! Oh, you little minx. Well, they were next our hearts; for you know our hearts have been yours these six months.

Count. We throw ourselves on your mercy.

Mat. You have it.

Jerome. (*Catches Blaise putting his hand round to touch Pauline.*) What the devil are you at, Blaise? I thought you were Lisette's lover.

Emile. I can explain that mystery, Jerome; Blaise is your daughter's lover.

Jerome. My daughter! he shall never have her for deceiving me.

Emile. Jerome, you must let me plead for them.

[*Blaise and Pauline coming forward.*

Jerome. Nay, nay, never.

Emile. (*Approaches him, and gently says,*) Do you remember the little cottage at the end of the village? I'll just drop in now and then, and take a cup of tea.

Jerome. Don't mention it. There, Blaise, take her you dog. Pierre, your hand—you see Nature will take her course; young ones are made to love and get married; and old ones made to bless and make them happy.

Phil. Why, at this rate, there'll be no Rose Queen.

Lap. Certainly not, unless your Lordship will allow me to propose old Dorcas; she's been an old maid ever since I was a boy; won the prize for silence at the school for industry, sixty years ago; never said yes, because she was dumb; and never said no, for the same reason; she never philandered but with my grand papa,

who made love in dumb show. Every body else has forfeited the title of Rose Queen.

Phil. This comes of philandering.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

All Philanders must expect,
To give their lovers pain, sir,
Nor should they certainly object,
If {men should } maidens } flirt again.

Mat. Flirting may suit the free and the single,
But when Hymen chains our hand,
Fidelity with love should mingle,
And heart and lips alike command,

Count. 'Tis quite true—'tis too true ;—
Your words, sweet maid, to me impart,
Fresh feelings dearest maid to you,
In this my ever constant heart.

CHORUS.

All Philanders must expect, &c.

Pau. Blaise, mind follow this example,
And think when Hymen binds the chain ;
Recollect, sir, by this sample,
Wives, like maids, can flirt again.

Blaise. 'Tis quite true—'tis most true,
I'll ne'er forget it while I live ;
My motto still shall be with you,
Dear Pauline—“forget and forgive.”

CHORUS.

All Philandrers must expect, &c.

Emile. Remember, sir, your moonlight wand'ring,
Recollect the portrait too;
Remember, sir, that this philandering,
In married men will never do.

Phil. 'Tis quite true—'tis too true—
Philandering here—philandering there,
For married men will never do,
So I will do "tout au contraire."

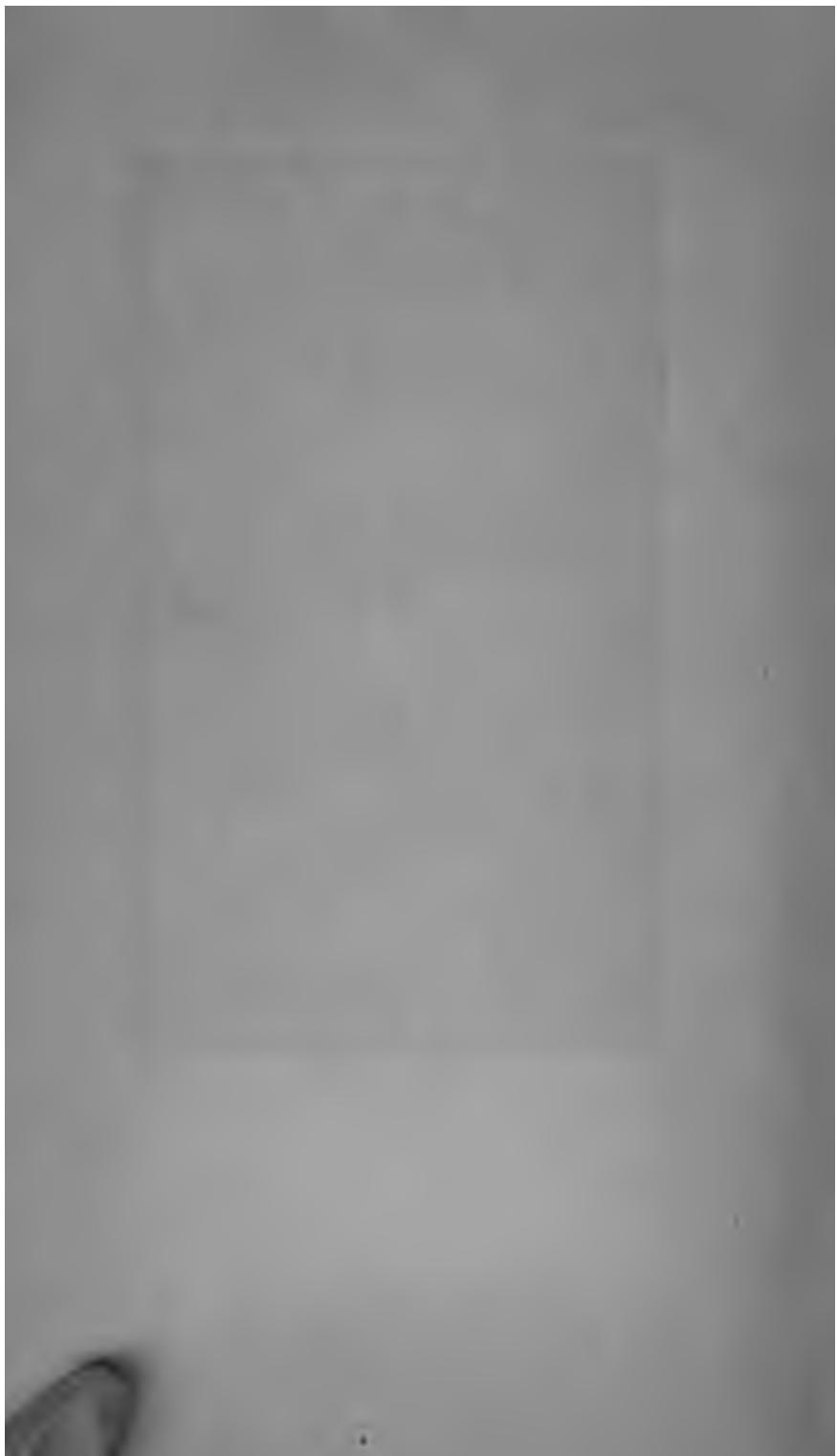
CHORUS.

All Philandrers must expect, &c.

FINIS.







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